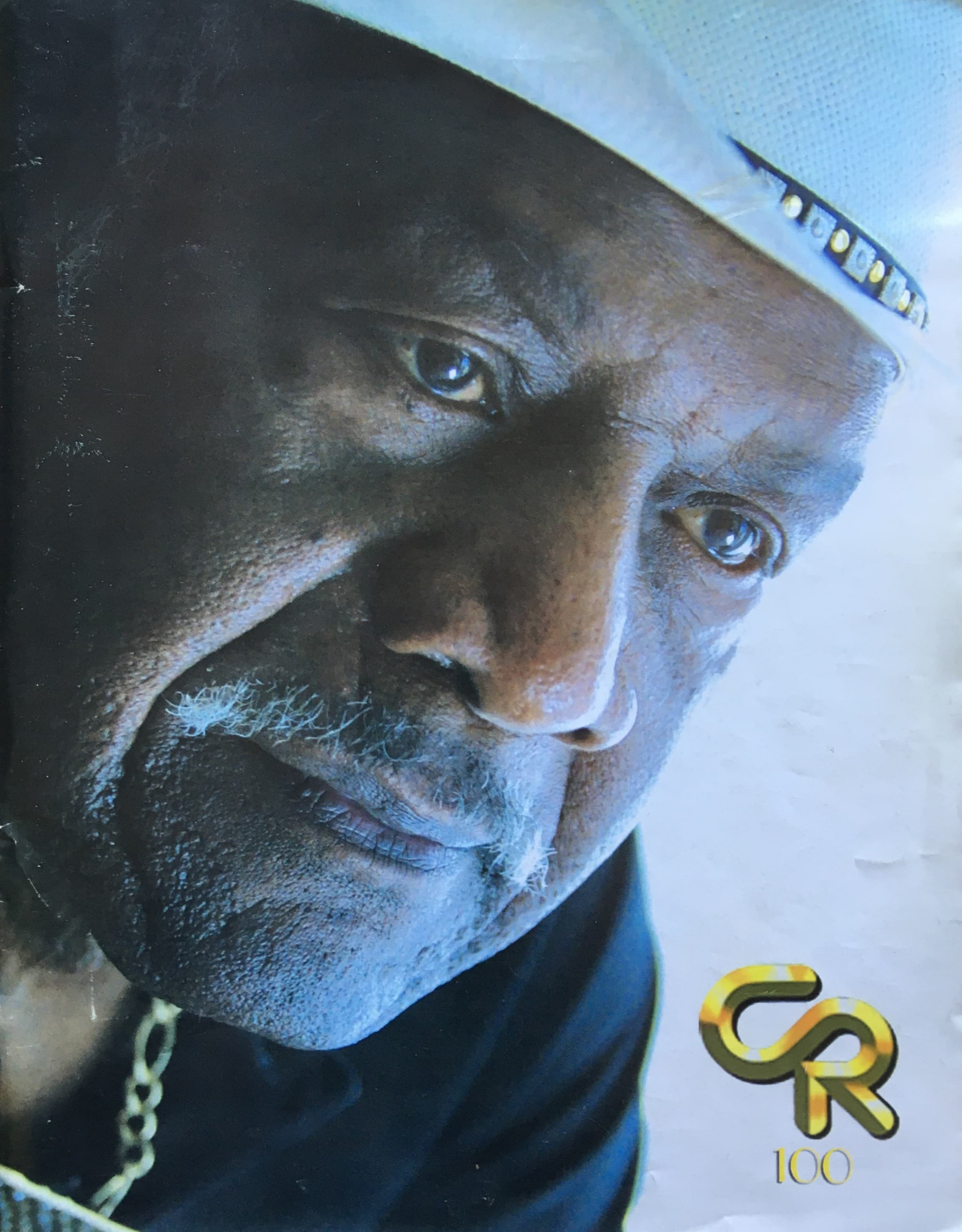
CR
100

MARSHALL

CR MAGAZINE

PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley
FIRST COVER PHOTOGRAPHY
EMZED
SECOND COVER PHOTOGRAPHY
MANNY

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the stats

MODELS

FIRST COVER - **MR. R.T.:** 6 ft., 190#, Austin, TX, single. Likes fishing, ranching, travel. Looking for interesting people for fun and company.

PAGE 2 - **MARSHALL:** 61, 6'-1", 295#, Oregon, single. Likes hiking, swimming, photography, music, hanging out with friends. Looking for masculine mature men, 40s and up.

PAGE 11 - **RAY**: 56, 5'-11", 240#, Southern California, single. Likes theater, cooking, magic, walking, travel. Looking for 40 to 70, pleasant personality, hairy chest (a plus), outgoing. **BILLY THE KID**: 44, 5'-11", 280#, New Orleans, relationship status unknown. Looking for a mature no-nonsense man. **NAPOLEON IV.**: 80, 5'-9", 175#, Evanston, IL, single. Likes workouts, outdoors, piano, theater. Looking for compatible, healthy, educated man--not too stuffy, not too gay. **J.E.B.**: 68, 5'-10", 195#, Atlanta, single. Likes travel, dining, cooking, antiques, flea markets. Looking for long-term relationship with a masculine nonsmoker, 25 to 50.

PAGE 13 - **TENNESSEE COUNTRY BOY**: 66, 6 ft., 215#, Tennessee, single. Looking for a lover who needs guidance, love and all that goes with it. **CAL**: 63, 5'-11", 190#, Downey, CA, single. Likes beach, travel, movies. Looking for long-term relationship. **SHY JOE** 59, 6'-2", 300#, Southern California, in an open relationship. Likes travel, safe sex, interesting men throughout the world. Looking for friends.

PAGE 14 - **TODD**: 42, 6'-4", 260#, Ft. Lauderdale, single. Likes 50+. Looking for a real man. **MICHOLE**: 44, 5'-10", 189#, Encino, CA, single. Likes dancing, singing, traveling. First friends, then love, then lovers. **FRANCO.**: 38, 6'-1", 330#, Ft. Lauderdale, relationship unknown. Likes carpentry. Looking for friends. **RUNSOTO**: 37, 5'-11", 170#, New York, single. Likes older men, 62 and up. Looking for a daddy type.

PAGE 15 - **MEL TABBERT**: 58, 5'-9", 310#, Philadelphia, single. Likes hot, sexy, chaser type guys. Hairy a plus. Looking for fun, fun, fun. **ABUELO**: 55, 5'-10", 230#, Miami, single. Likes men who like to smile daily. **FL14655.**: 46, 5'-8", 210#, Seattle, single. Likes music (all kinds), food, sports, travel, computers, photography, mature masculine men. Looking for an ongoing relationship with a mature, single, masculine male, 45-70. **JOE C**: 74, 5'-8", 176#, Florida, single. Likes men close to his age on the heavy side.

PAGE 16 - **MARV**: 68, 5'-9", 270#, Springfield, MA, single. Likes men. Looking for 35-50, masculine. **IRISH POP**: 72, 5'-6", 250#, Hollywood, FL, single. Likes computers, baton twirling. Looking for young people. **BRIAN M.**: 41, 5'-8", 155#, San Diego, single. Likes reading, movies, writing short erotic fiction (featuring sexy older heavy-set men), and long walks. Looking for short, older (50+) heavy-set (250+) men who like to kiss and cuddle. **SILVERCHUB**: 60, 5'-10", 257#, Ft. Lauderdale, single. He's versatile and loves hugging, cuddling, and making passionate love. Looking for romantic, passionate man. Friends first and hopefully a lover someday.

PAGE 18 - **CAJUN DADDY**: 60+, 5'-10", 220#, Houston, in an open relationship. Likes theater, movies, television. Looking for new friends and other couples. **SFO LARRY**: 61, 6'-2", 210#, San Francisco, in an open relationship. Likes honesty, communication, masculinity. Looking for mature men, any age. **PENNA BILL.**: 64, 5'-10", 212#, Pennsylvania, in an open relationship. Likes older heavy-set, mature men. Not looking for mail. **SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN**: 54, 5'-7", 200#, North Carolina, single. Likes sports, movies, music. Looking for older men.

PAGE 19 - **COMICCADET:** 35, 6 ft., 185#, Oklahoma, single. Likes romantic times, comics. Looking for long-term relationship, friends.

PAGE 32 - **BOB SCOTT**: 62, 5'-10-1/2", 230#, Dallas, single. Likes travel, theater. Looking for younger friends. **E. DAVID**: 74, 6 ft., 185#, Santa Fe, single. Likes camping, hiking, nudism, kissing, cuddling, music and tender loving care. Looking for friendship with clean honest men. Maybe relationship with the right guy. **CONAN 41**: 41, 5'-10", 190#, Italy, in an open relationship. Likes sports (he's a black belt in Karate), music, movies. Looking for friendship all over the world with chubby men. **KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED**: 39, 6'-1", 180#, Kentucky, single. Likes older 50+ mature, bearish men that have a brain as well as a body. Looking for friends first. Relationship possible.

PAGE 33 - **MICHIGAN TOM:** 54, 5'-5", 140#, Michigan, single. Likes antiques, old cars and trucks and motorcycles. Looking for friends.

PAGE 34 - **DESERT RAT:** 61, 5'-5", 190#, Tucson, single. Looking for a long term relationship and friends.

PAGE 35 - **ANGEL:** 55, 5'-6", 225#, Ft. Lauderdale, in an open relationship. Likes cooking, gardening, movies, swimming. Looking for friends.

PAGE 36 - **RIBEARDAD & RIBEARSON:** No data given. Ft. Lauderdale, in a monogamous relationship. Looking for other couples, friends.

PAGE 37 - **FRAN:** 70, 5'-8", 162#, Daytona Beach, single. Likes travel, cooking, throwing parties, nudity, people. Looking for younger, trim man, mid 20s to around 40, for friendship, good times, and the possibility for a sound relationship.

PAGE 38 - **FT. LAUDERDALE GLENN**: 62, 5'-9", 225#, Ft. Lauderdale, single. Likes gardening, cooking, making new friends. Looking for new friends.

PAGE 39 - **DADSHOME4U:** 54, 6'-1", 250#, California. Likes long walks and younger men. Looking for a son relationship.

PAGE 42 - **CHICAGO DON**: 66, 6 ft., 230#, Chicago, single. Likes working out, chilling out in coffee house, summertime in Chicago, wintertime in Ft. Lauderdale, classical music, fine dining, good conversation. Looking for friends, same type, young-thinking, active.

PAGE 43 - **WALTER MITTY**: 73, 5'-9", 200#, Laguna Niguel, CA, in an

open relationship. Likes art, movies, beach (nude), music (classical mostly) and especially CR. Looking for dirty old men looking for temporary true love. **U.K. COWBOY**: 40, 180#, 5'-9", Burbank, CA, single, professional singer. Likes Country-Western music, working out. Released his debut CD June 20th. Looking for friends, people who are young at heart and romantic. **JERRY R**: 68, 5'-1", 160#, Brooklyn, single. Father of Runsoto. Likes chubbies. **RUNSOTO**: (See page 14)

PAGE 44 - **ERNEST:** (See page 31) **BILL G-KC**: 57, 6'-1", 350#, Kansas City, single. Likes weaving, shibori, plants, gardening. Looking for 20-70 yo for fun friendships and visits to Kansas City. **L.A. MANNY**: 59, 5'-5", 198#, Los Angeles, single. Likes honesty, dinners out, music. Looking for younger men, 22-35. **FLORIDA SON**: 30, 5'-6", 195#, Ft. Lauderdale, Single. Likes yard sales, antiques, going to the beach. Looking for friends. E-mail: FLson4Dad@aol.com

PAGE 45 - **KISSEMMEE DON:** 56, 5'-10", 260#, Orlando area, in an open relationship. Likes fishing and playing cards. Looking for a good friendship. **POMPANO DON:** 70, 5'-8", 165#, Pompano Beach, in an open relationship.. Looking for friendships.

PAGE 46- **JERRY HAMILL:** 64, 6 ft., 185#, St. Petersburg, in a new relationship. Likes aerobics, tennis, and all sports generally. **FUNKY HUNKY**: Okay, he didn't sign a release, but he won't sue me. This photo doesn't show that he is a burly, masculine, handsome, very sharp man who can DANCE. More revealing photos in the works.

PAGE 47- **JUST ME**: 51, 5'-10", 160#, Tucson, in an open relationship. Likes bowling, camping, traveling, and fun times. Looking for younger, sweet cuties who like to have fun.

PAGE 48 - **LAPIN**: 79, 5'-6", 155#, Southeast Louisiana, single. Likes computers (but computer ignorant), music, fun people, nudism, sex. Looking for 40+ friends for sexual encounters.

PAGE 49 -**HERB**: 67, 5'-11", 220#, Rochester, NY, single. Likes travel, theater, gourmet cooking. Looking for travel and theater companions, gay friends.

PAGE 50 - **TONY & RICHARD**: 48/71, 5'-9"/5'-6", 240#/165#, Tucson, in a monogamous relationship. Like simpler and finer things in life, people. Looking for other mature men as friends/companions. **MR. CHIPS & POLAR BEAR**: 59/54, 5'-6"/5'-6", 235#/205#, Southeast Florida, in an open relationship with each other. Like music, movies, art, theater. Looking for friends, other open relationships.

PAGE 74 -**ROGER**: 55, 6'-7", 200#, Western New York, currently considering a relationship. Likes vintage cars, older portly men. Looking for long-term relationship and good friends.

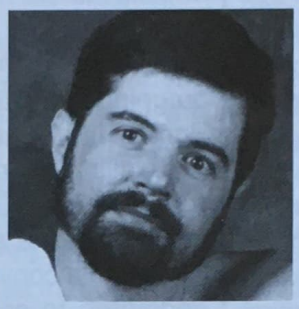
PAGE 75 -**SUGARFOOT**: 49, 6'-1", 270#, Houston, single. Looking for good friends and companionship. **THE LIMEY**: 67, 6 ft., 330#, Orlando area, single. Looking for companionship and loving friends.

PAGE 79 - **J.J.:** 69, 5'-7", 145#, New York and Miami, single. Likes being naked, antiques, opera, ballet. Looking for relationship, nice people who are open about sex.

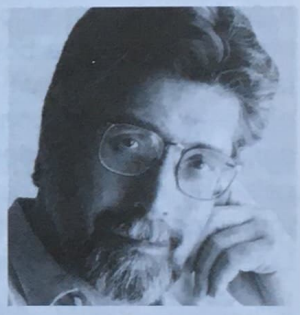
SECOND COVER - **BAY AREA JOHN:** 70, short, stocky, San Francisco, in an open relationship. Seeks under 50 for fun times

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS (this issue)

MIKE DEVEAU : 46, 5'-10", 220#, Palm Springs, single. He likes to have fun and is looking for other people to have fun with.

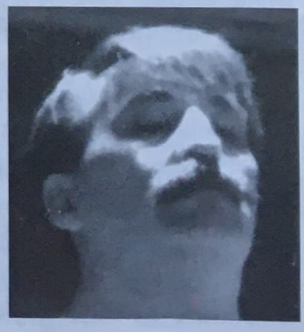


JOEL : 36, Austin, in an open relationship with CR model THOM. A master at outdoor nude photography. Looking for models in the South Texas area.



MANNY : 51, 6'-3", 245#, Mississippi, single. Seriously looking for a long-term relationship with just the right mature, bearded, husky, stocky, hairy bear, daddy, or daddybear, 50+.

TOMCAT: Late 40s, Mississippi, partner to CR icon THE COLONEL. He is a burly ex-marine who loves to write truck stop stories and shoot photos of burly, older men.



ZR-1 is 44, 5'-7", 180#, Central Florida, in a monogamous relationship. Likes fun people, travel, cars, fixing things. Seeks no correspondence.

EMZED is a professional photographer in Florida. More data will be available in the near future.

dialogue

PALM SPRINGS

What exactly is the point of Jay Behr's article on Palm Springs? I have never read such a condescending piece in my life. It can't be travel writing, since he seems to like absolutely nothing about the place or the people who live there. Seems strange to get so much attitude from a man who is positive himself, who has a boyfriend who is a druggie, and who ends his piece—where he condemns the sexual mores attitudes of the locals—by recommending that visitors bring their own poppers!
Luis Torres/San Antonio

Jay Behr responds:

In regard to Mr. Torres's letter: 1) He may be confusing the concept of the article with that of the essay. The etymology of the word come from the French "essaier" and was first developed by M. de Montaigne. 2) I was not attempting to encourage travel to Palm Springs, only commenting on the interesting socio-anthropological thereof. My primary activity there is using it as a quiet place to write and watch the sun set behind the big mountain while floating in my pool. 3) I find his comments regarding my viral condition and sexual practices chauvinistic. I can only suppose he never listens to Chaplin's movie music nor sees his films because he related so strongly to very young girls. He also probably refuses to view Toulouse-Lautrec's paintings because of his unfortunate sexual disposition. It is the nature of man not to pass up a good fuck. 4) Mr. Torres would do well to (re)read Marcus Aurelius.

Oh, dear! What a flurry. The outgoing president of that bigger Prime Timers group is pissed off and calling everyone to lodge his displeasure. Gleefully (I am a member of the smaller version), I borrowed a copy and was very disappointed to see only one paragraph with very little insult value. ATTITUDE gentlemen! Big chips for such little shoulders. This valley has hundreds of thousands of gay people living here--probably more mature than young. Then along comes a bunch of newbies who start yet another Woody Town, and they think they run the fucking place. Someone please spray them with a hose before they ordain themselves. GAFAKA/Palm Desert

It was a pleasure to appear in such an attractive issue of CR. I feel suitably "embellished." I would add, however, that after such a long time in your files, the PALM SPRINGS article/essay has certain inaccuracies which any timely writing is bound to develop. You might want to mention the following in a future issue: 1) the cops have finally cracked down and there is no more in-bar smoking to speak of; 2) the restaurant with the wretched blue neon lighting has gone kaput and is now replaced by a splendid eatery; 3) the Shakespeare Reading Club is kaput--a leader cannot be found. JAY BEHR/Palm Springs

JACK HEATH

Pat: I just got my latest edition of CR. On page 58 there is a photo of Jack Heath and a eulogy, so to speak. As an owner of a residential cleaning service that uses only Oreck upright vacuum cleaners, I love it! Made my day (and it needed to be made). J.R/Indiana

MIAMI BEACH

Dear CR: Thank you for making it all possible. The Miami gathering was something to savor, one of those rare occasions in life where everything comes together and is perfect.
We got there a day early, hoping there might already be a crowd gathering. And there was. The wonderful atmosphere started from the moment we walked into the foyer of the Eden Roc, greeted by old friends, introduced to new ones, sometimes a warm handshake, maybe a hug but always a smile. And that is how it was for the next six days. I have never experienced such warmth, such friendliness, such a sense of togetherness . . . .a unique atmosphere. Maybe you guys who have been to many of these events are thinking what's the big deal here. Well, let me tell you , coming from England, where we have nothing like this, it is exhilarating, exciting, and makes you feel so very proud to be a part of it

all. I would like to thank all the guys who attended the gathering for making it such a special occasion too. Where else could you assemble 1100 men (and I do mean men) and have such a trouble free environment, an atmosphere alive with good will and hospitality ... and not a feather boa in sight. The behavior of all concerned was impeccable, I think that is the one thing I will remember most from this gathering. I got talking with some of the staff, they freely admitted to being very apprehensive about having the hotel bursting at the seams with 1100 gay guys. The CR crowd won them over in no time at all and they, the staff, enjoyed our stay there. They noticed all these retired old guys turning up throughout the first day and wondered how they would react when all the gay guys arrived !!! That to me tells its own story. I think these references to a CR gathering looking more like a veterans or bankers convention something to be proud of. I could take you all home to meet my mother ... but she is beginning to wonder why all my friends are the wrong side of sixty ... and chubby. You do not always have to be loud to be proud. Thank you too, all the people behind the scene who contribute so much to making these events work. The ones we all pass by on the way to the pool, little realizing they are making all this possible for us. The hotel itself was perfect, the poolside atmosphere electric, the prices in the hotel outrageous and the parking fees a scandal .... I will be back next year for more of the same. Where do I sign ?? Can someone come up with alternative places to dine ... unless of course the CR people can get special concessions next time for CR guests. Where else could a hotel make such trouble free money, drop the restaurant prices and they will make even more. The people who have got Caffmos (CAFFMOS@aol.com) off the ground over here in UK have started gatherings too, which have been a tremendous success. It will be some time before we catch up with you in the USA ... but, thanks to JohnUK and BobUSA, we are on our way at last. Once again, thank you. Regards, Peter

Hi: I am an older men lover (19 myself), I have my own Boyfriend (52), and all I can say is I am stunned, in a good way! When first I heard about the CR meeting I thought, "oh well, another one of those parties, where you have to be exchanging fluids in order to be welcome". But now I see that all that is complete nonsense!!! Something like, have fun, play if you like, but celebrate with us! The idea is totally breathtaking! I'm having trouble typing I'm so moved!!! All I can say is ... WOW!!! Keep it up guys! You make me proud to be gay! And even more proud to be an older admirer!!! Where do I sign up??? Yours, Wes

Hi Pat and Bruce: As you already know I think the 2001 Gathering was the best ever. As a veteran of nine straight Gatherings I should know. The hotel had a wonderful layout and of course all the sexy, wonderfully friendly guys are what really made it a success. I was there spending my first anniversary with Marty whom I met at the end of the 2000 New Orleans Gathering. We ended up doing the cruise afterward and had another honeymoon type week while there. We enjoyed spending time with both of you on the ship and getting caught up on old times. I have enclosed a picture Marty took of you two and myself while on the ship. I am already looking forward to next year and only wish I could also make the Las Vagas Gathering later this year. Let those guys who think there is nothing at the Gathering for them know that we talked one 60 plus friend, who had never been before, into driving us down from Ft. Lauderdale and asked him to stay around for a couple of hours. Needless to say, the couple of hours turned into 3 one-day passes. He was blown away with the attention he received after being convinced no one would be interested in him. As I learned from Scott from Nashville, I always promise a return of their money if they are not satisfied and so far I've never returned money. Keep up the good work and I look forward to seeing you again next year or earlier. CRLVR

Dear Pat: I want to say a big THANK YOU. After 3 years of "chickening out," I attended the Miami Beach Gathering. Although I've been a reader/fan of CR for about 6 years. I never envisioned having as much fun as I had at that gathering. I've found very few places here on Long Island where a 41-year-old gay man can go to meet other men--and feel comfortable (especially mature men). Walking into the Eden Roc the first day was an amazing experience for me. Seeing a room FULL of silver foxes--talking, laughing and hanging out--was really this guy's dream come true. Since I'm basically a shy person, I had worried that I'd be standing around by myself feeling and looking uncomfortable. While there was no stamped of men in my direction, I found that the attitude in general was very friendly, and I met and enjoyed talking with several interesting, really nice guys. The rest of the weekend went pretty much the same way for me. I even got to a point where I would initiate

conversations--not usually my style in new situations. I could go on and on but I'll just say again: thank you for a great experience. I'll be registering for future gatherings for sure. I'm sorry that I didn't get a chance to meet you. I'll seek you out next time. Steve/New York

Dear Mr. Colley: Your kindness in choosing Poverello Center, Inc. clients to benefit from your generosity is overwhelming. Each year the number of clients increases, the government and the people's involvement in answering the needs of the clients lessens. In the mind of some since the advancement of certain drugs, the virus is stabilized. You and I both know this is untrue. We don't have a cure and result of infection is still a life of pain, heartache, loneliness, and alienation. Thank you for helping make the lives of the clients we serve more tolerable. Their dignity, their well-being, and their awareness that there are caring people is important. For being people with a heart, GOD BLESS YOU. Sincerely, THE POVERELLO CENTER, Father William F. Collins, O.F.M., President and Founder.

THE POWER OF ANONYMITY

I heard a rumor that Justintime4me (you may remember this handle from previous issues) had written a letter to Alexis Park Resort that would "blow the roof off" our gathering. The hotel acknowledged that they had received a disturbing letter, but they refused to send me a copy. So I used a little deception and conned the dumb fuck into proudly sending a friend a copy PHC

To whom it may concern at the Alexis Park Resort Hotel in Las Vegas: I understand that you'll be hosting the CR Labor Day gathering. You should be fully warned of the history behind those former gatherings. Several years ago they were "kicked out" of Las Vegas and asked not to return. I believe the hotel they were in has been torn down to make way for a new hotel. They were "kicked out" of San Diego - reference Town & Country Hotel area. They were "kicked out" of Orlando -- and brought to court by the Radisson Twin Towers organization. Why all the trouble?? It centers around Mr. Pat Colley; he likes to create or have some of his cronies create an incident whereby Mr. Colley can accuse the hotel of causing him great financial harm, and thus his demand for reduction in his billing. You should be warned of this ploy by Mr. Colley. Also, you should be aware of the following actions of Mr Colley's guests which have occurred during past years. 1) Hotel security have found some of the guests hanging around the public rest rooms, propositioning other hotel guests, and actually having sex with those men there in the public rest room for all who enter to see (and this includes young boys). 2) Remarking to guests walking down the hallway: "Ditch the bitch, and come to my room for the best blow-job you've ever had!" 3) Have sex in the public pool areas. These and other actions you should expect of the group you plan to host. My suggestion: check with the Radisson Twin Towers Hotel in Orlando, Florida. Sincerely, Justin

The following dialog clip was sent to me by a friend who was in the chat room when Bntrash@aol.com came on. This tactic is called "Hit And Run." All other names have been altered.

Nuffsed: my bagel was good too
hankjam: NO BUT GOOD FOR ACHANGE
Fpl: hope it was toasted
Nuffsed: yep cream cheese and everything
OnlineHost: BNTRASH has entered the room.
hankjam:NONE OF YOUR BUSSIN
Fpl: sound like a dunkin donut ,stop
BNTRASH: ***chiron magazine new owners running a scam beware before u order or send them any money***
Fpl: lucky iget my freee
hankjam: FORGET IT OVER STILL HORNY
Fpl: wow
OnlineHost: Anscott has entered the room.
OnlineHost: HsJody has entered the room.
Nuffsed: ***they wont get away with that for long. What sort of scam?***

THE CR FAMILY

Dear CR Family, Pat and Bruce: Your phone call was a blessing. It lifted my spirits. I have had many phone calls, and believe me, they really have helped. CR members from across the country have called. The loss of a companion is not something you want to go alone. Your magazine is the best. I can't put it down. I am looking forward to becoming part of the CR Family. F.H./Louisiana

You already are, my friend. PHC

CELEBRATING ALL SIZES

I want to applaud you for celebrating ALL SIZES. I'm a married heterosexual, but have always found large men attractive. I know I'm not alone. I am a "fat activist," and just wanted to give you a pat

on the back for supporting big men. Lora Holeman

THEM VICIOUS SILICIANS [SIC]

A man with a high profile government job allowed a magazine (not this one) to publish a photo of himself with a dick in his mouth. Later, someone with a scanner and a lot of time on his hands reproduced the photo with a caption implying that one could get favors from said agency by offering their cock to be serviced. The enhanced photo was then posted on a site frequented by older men and admirers. The photo's original publisher insisted that I had posted the photo and had even sent it to Sacramento trying to get the man fired. The publisher actually devoted a whole page of his website to this "outrage," and the enhanced photo was published online as "proof" that it was in fact me who did the dirty deed. (Something about the use of my favorite font?!) Then I received the following letter. I informed the author that the night I was supposed to have posted the image, I was at Chino Valley Medical Center, struggling to keep Bruce alive. The threats ceased, but the self-inflicted damage was already done. A few weeks later, another wacko started faxing copies of the image to the man's place of work. Strangely I wasn't blamed. PHC

Pat: I would be very concerned when *[name withheld]* finally does read your vicious picture message. I'm sure he will not take lightly the attempt on your part to destroy his means of making a living. In case you don't know, *[name withheld]* has numerous relatives in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York. He's a first generation Silician *[sic]*, you know. And his relatives will also not take lightly your attempt to destroy their favorite cousin. It's these people I would be most concerned with. Perhaps a quite *[sic]* disappearance to join the multitudes in So. American might be your best bet. Your very visible and vocal presence should be of concern to you.

Oh, yeah? Well, I know some Silicians [sic] too! I know Corsicians [sic] as well--even some Hell's Angles! [sic]

CRUISE 2002

Gosh, does that sound exciting or what? John will be over the moon; we've never been on a boat before. Should I buy some water wings? That's really great news about the cruise thing, and it suits us to be heading back to the east coast. I'd thought the most recent visit would be John's last overseas trip; I couldn't get health insurance for him, and he hadn't been all that well. Only a fuckwit travels to the USA without insurance. However, he said he wanted to go so I told him: OK , but if he was having a heart attack, I'd have to push him in front of a truck or something, as we couldn't afford hospital treatment. Anyway, I think he had the best time of his life (he is such a slut!), and he seems to have left a trail of broken hearts (not to mention an outrageous line of bullshit) on the east coast. We must return. If only to return the stolen goods I found in his suitcase. You aren't missing anything by chance. I still haven't located the owner of the thing that looks like some sort of customised electric cattle prod with a built-in lubricant dispenser. It's been lovingly hand-painted in the stars and stripes. Has anyone reported it missing? COCKATOO REX/Australia

I am so terribly disappointed that you won't be doing any more gatherings at hotels, but I guess I could see it coming. I've been known to attend about six conventions a year, and the registration fees my company pays are twice as much as what you charge. Things like suckling pig luaus, harpsichord recitals, circumcision workshops, top notch shows and a venue thick with sexual tension are definitely NOT on the event list. I can fully appreciate your no-win situation . . . you charged too little to make a profit, but you knew that few would bother coming if they had to pay a registration fee of $400. The men who attend your conventions are mostly very nice guys, but I never got the impression that a sizable number of them were sophisticated enough to appreciate what they were getting. I heard the comments. The men who've been around the block a few times made no complaints and had lots of fun. The only complaints came from those who think $50 is high for a hotel room and that an entree over $12.50 is a rip-off. My hat goes off to you for taking so many hits for our benefit. Obviously you have to be a wealthy man in order to fund your gatherings for so long, but most wealthy men wouldn't sponsor such events without a way to write it off. Maybe you've found a way, but I rather doubt it. I don't see a not-for-profit status. Your classy events will be sorely missed, but I think the cruises might fill the vacuum for a lot of guys. I know I will go. Those who can't afford cruises or who are prone to sea sickness will no doubt settle for the Prime Timer, Daddy, Girth & Mirth and Bear get-togethers. Won't be nearly the same, but at least they won't have to do without. I hope you don't give up hope for CR. It is obvious to me that you've worked very hard to make CR a big institution, and it is obscene how some have stolen your thunder and in the process rewritten history to pass

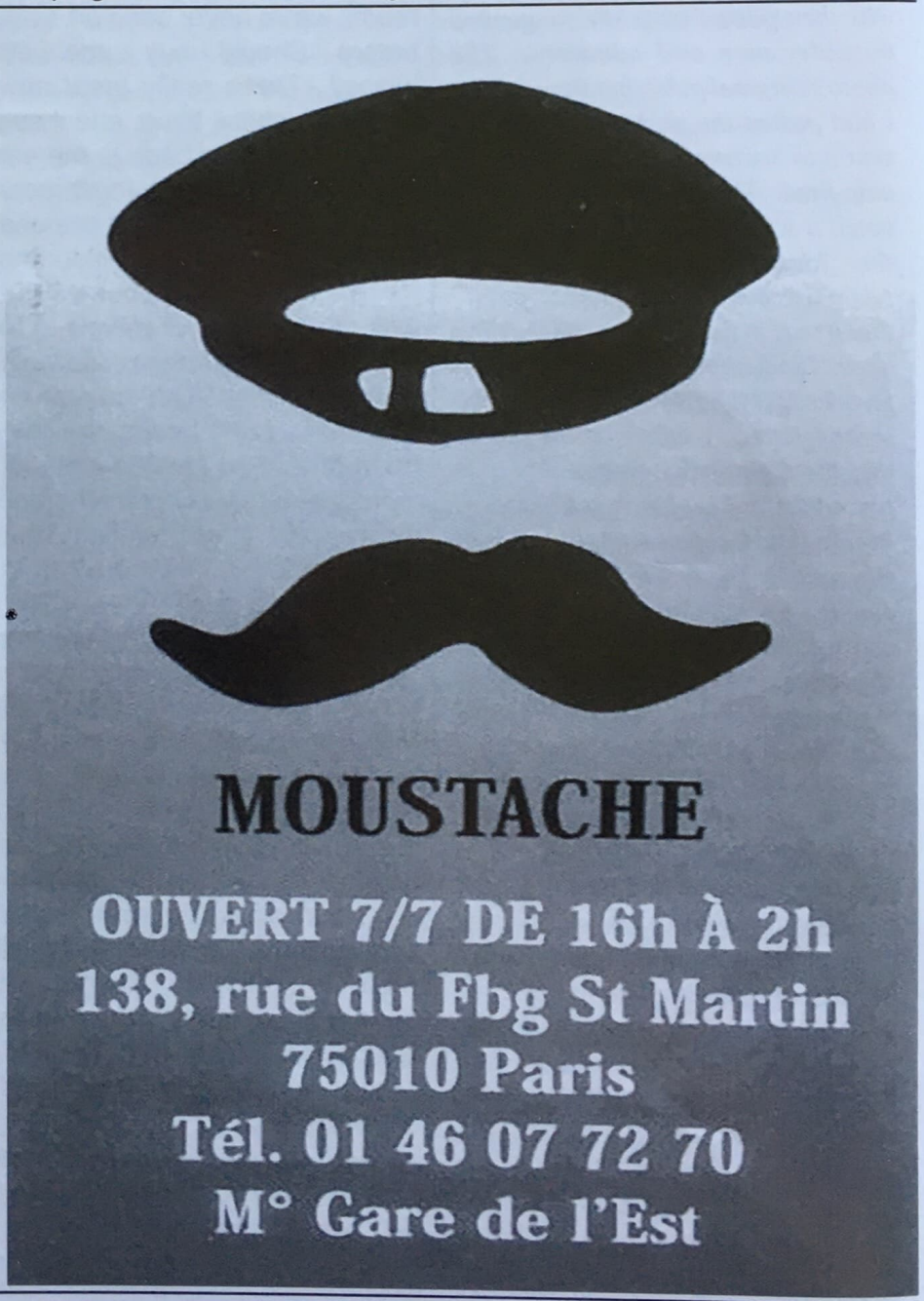
themselves off as heroic pioneers. Perhaps your contributions to our well-being won't show up on the radar until after you have passed on. History is filled with pioneers who were never recognized or honored during their lifetimes. I, as one of many, consider you a hero, and wish there was something I could do to spread the word. Someone should be writing your story now; there should be wills written with CR as the beneficiary. Deeds, not words, my motto is. You are the beneficiary of my will. I will continue to shout your praises to everyone and continue subscribing and I will be on that ship come May 19th. A note to those who may read this if you are kind enough to publish it: What are YOU doing? Are you doing something to help, or is your support limited to an occasional banal comment like "Keep up the good work, Pat and Bruce"? Wake up, people. With much love and admiration. Sign me: DUGGER.

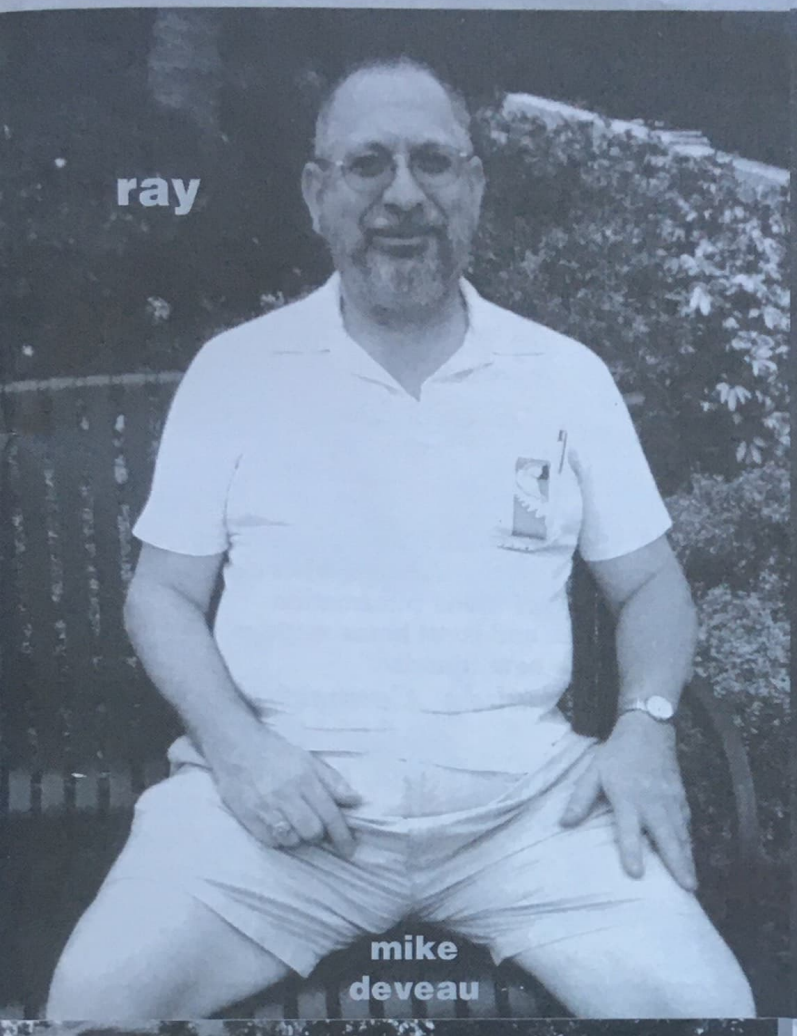
Count me in for the cruise. Sounds like you've got just the right time period and just the right cruise line. As the guys on the CR cruise back in June can attest, never never take a cruise with a lot of teens and young adults on board. The music is loud, the drunks are loud, and you can't get near the pool. Same holds true for gay cruises. The music is loud, the drunks are loud, and you can't get near the pool. Oh, and the smell of poppers on the dance floor is suffocating. On all- gay cruises, the word "ecstasy" takes on a whole new meaning. When I went on an all-gay cruise, this fat old man felt like a leper. When I went on a mixed cruise, straight couples got a kick out of our dancing together and were downright friendly. Andy/ Phoenix

VIDEOS ON DVD

Enclosed is my check to purchase the DVDs of Mojave and Quadraplex. Thank you for offering these movies again. I thought I'd lost my chance years ago to even see these available for sale. I've been dying to see Quadraplex for years! Would you believe that I don't even own a DVD player? I've been shopping for one these past months, but talk about an incentive to buy one! Thank you again for keeping with CR. Each issue gets better and better. One of these days I'll attend a gathering and thank you in person. SOCCER SON

We are looking for stocky men, over 55, who would like to make a video with one of our young stud models (they like only stocky older men). If you are interested in making some very good money and are cool with the prospect of being recognized anywhere in the world, send us a nude photo. PHC

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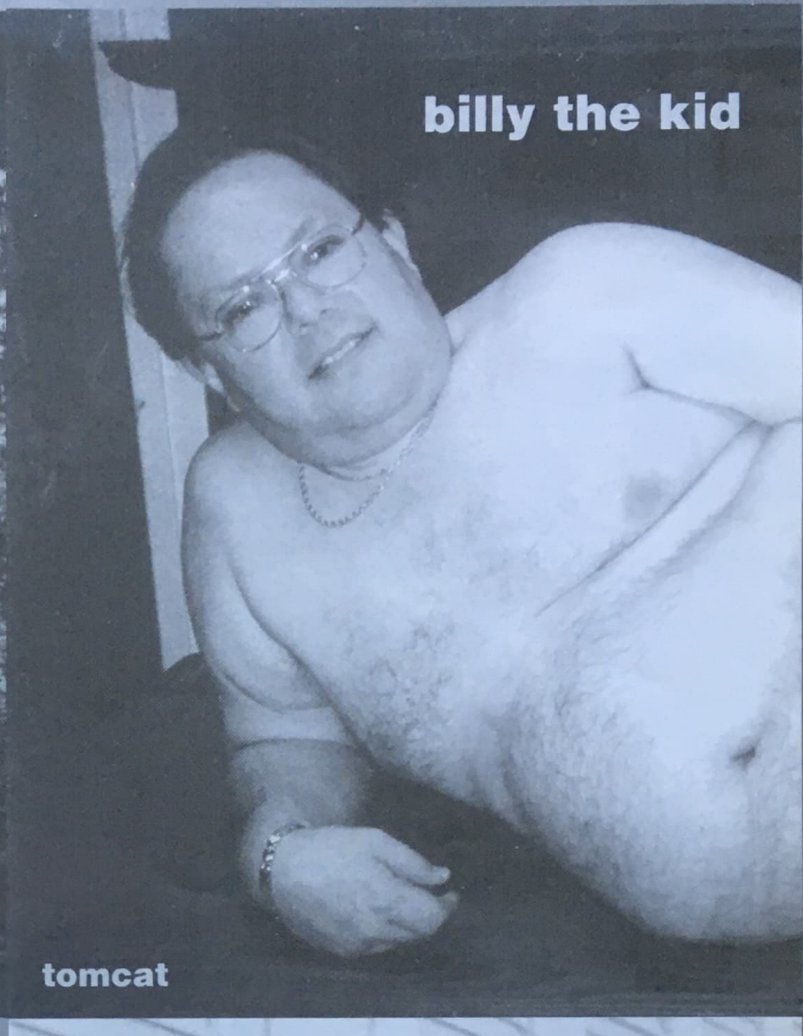
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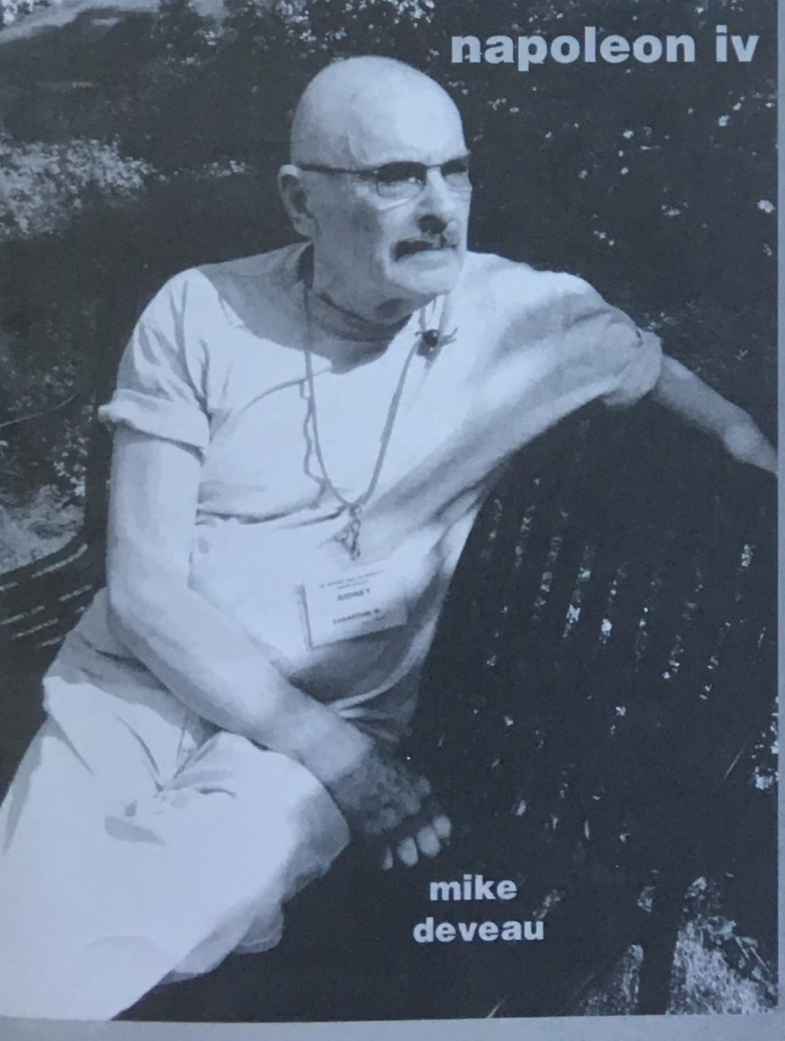
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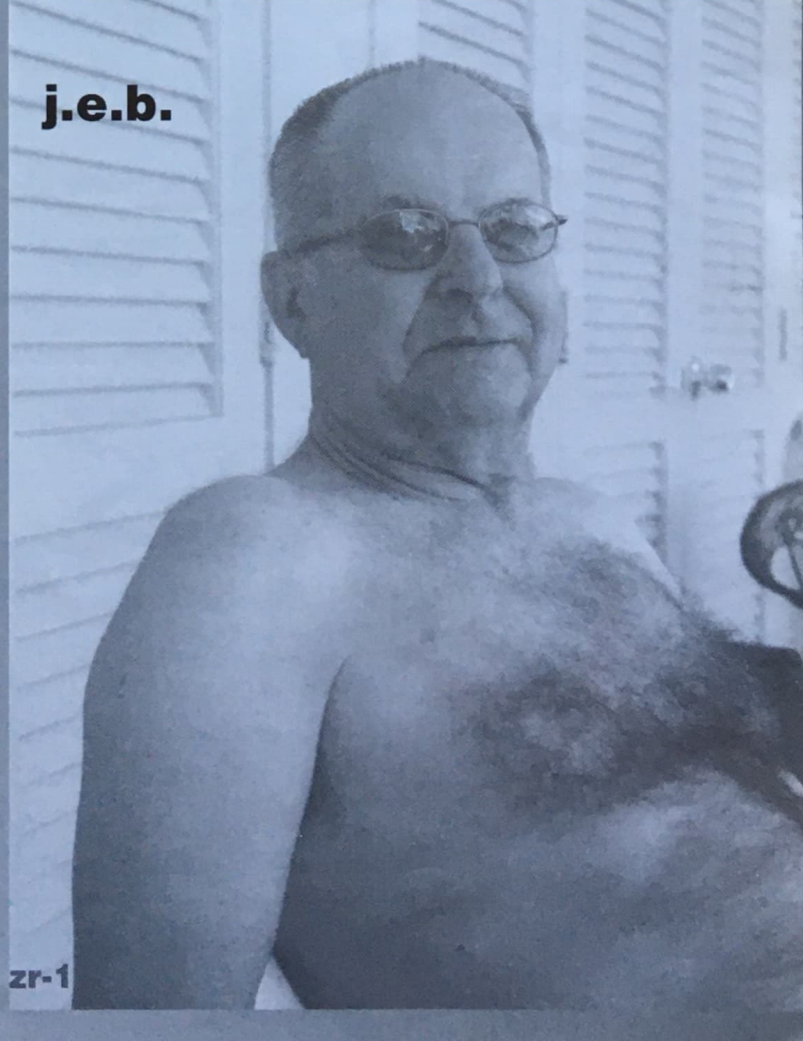
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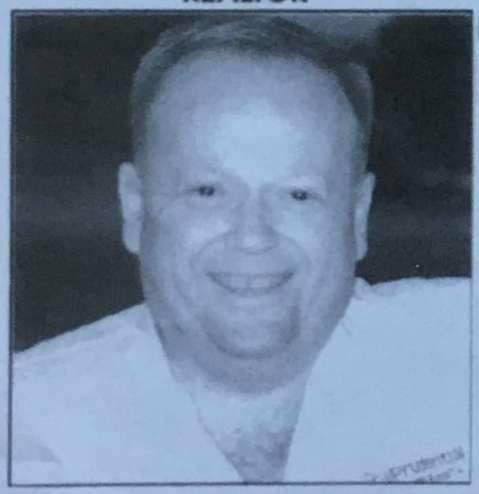

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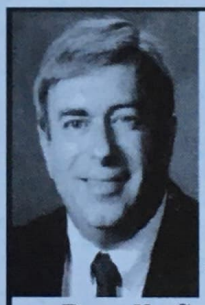

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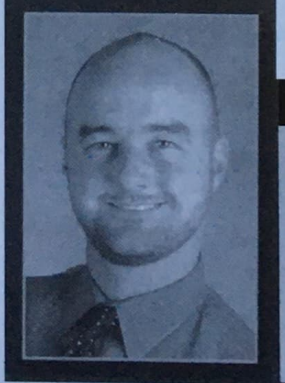

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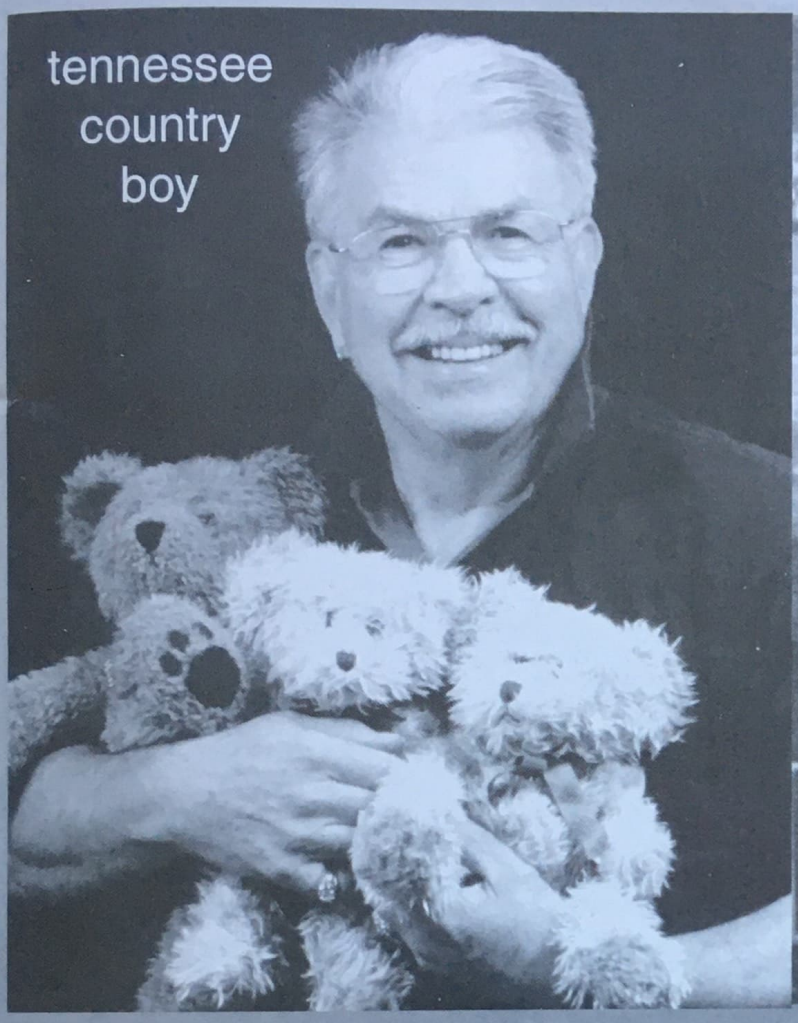
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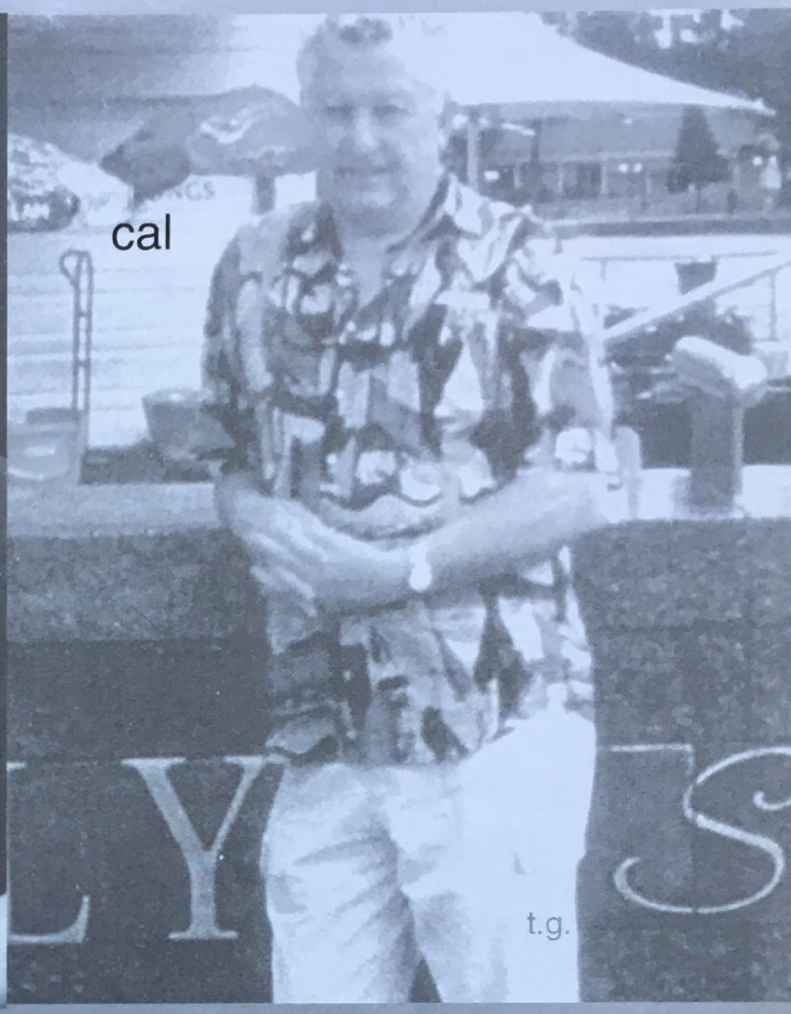
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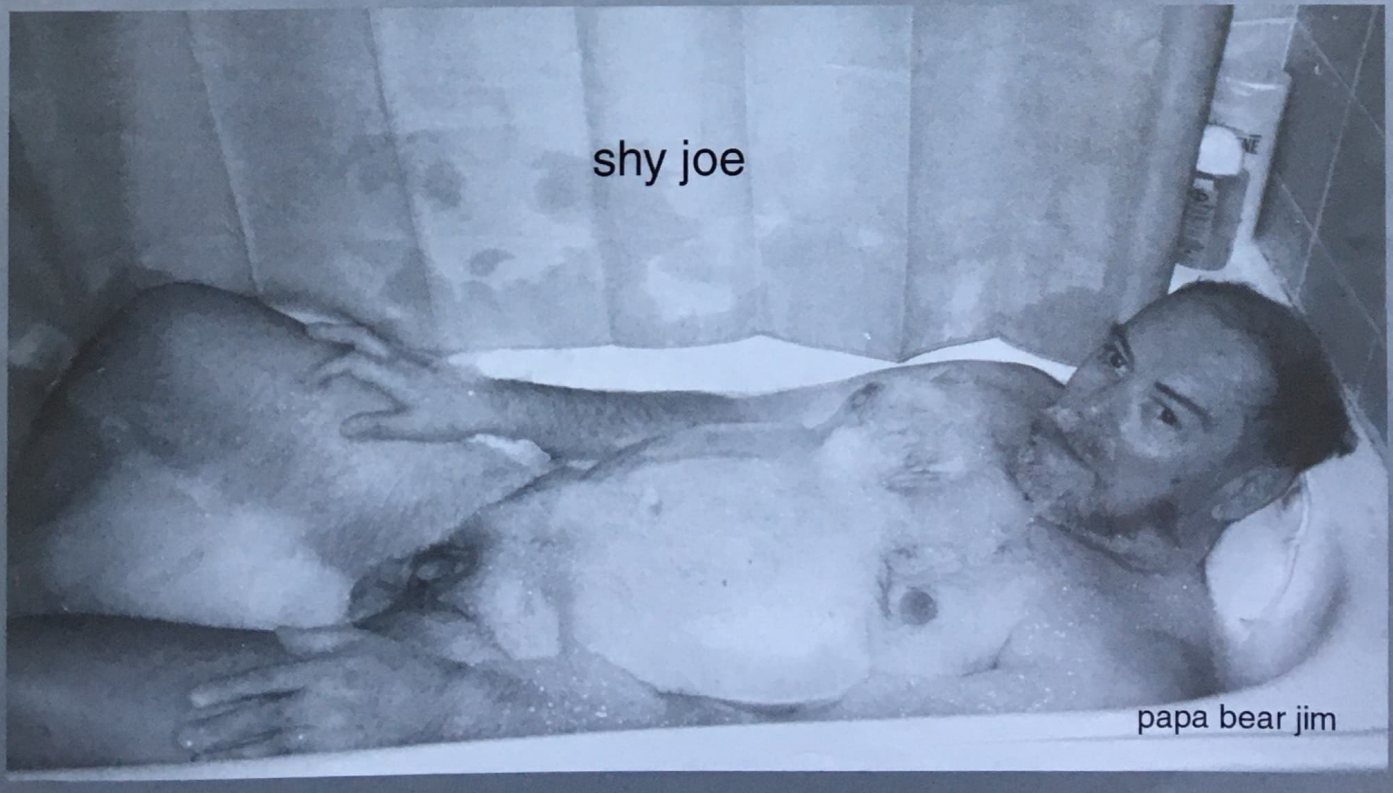
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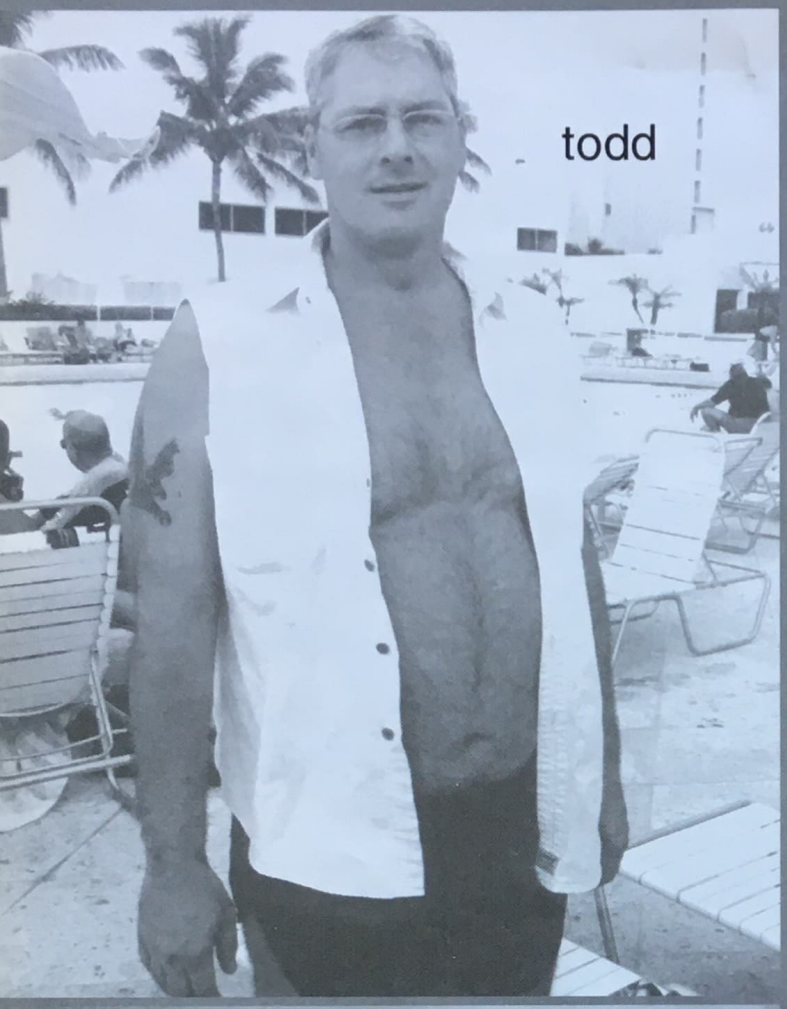

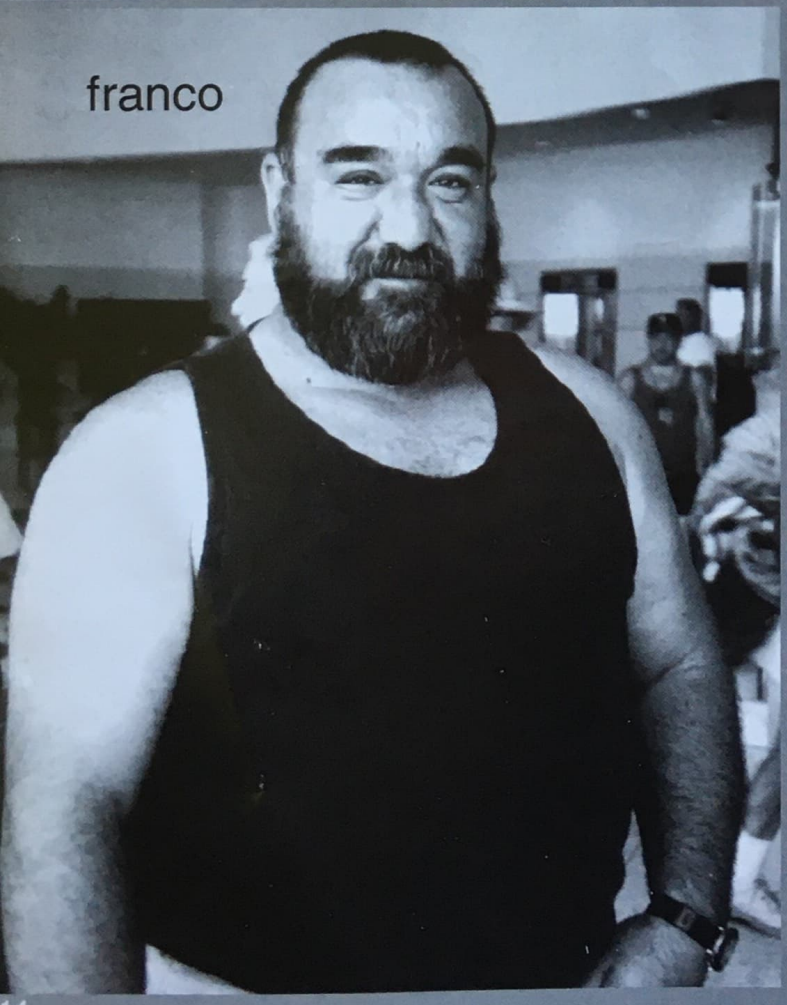

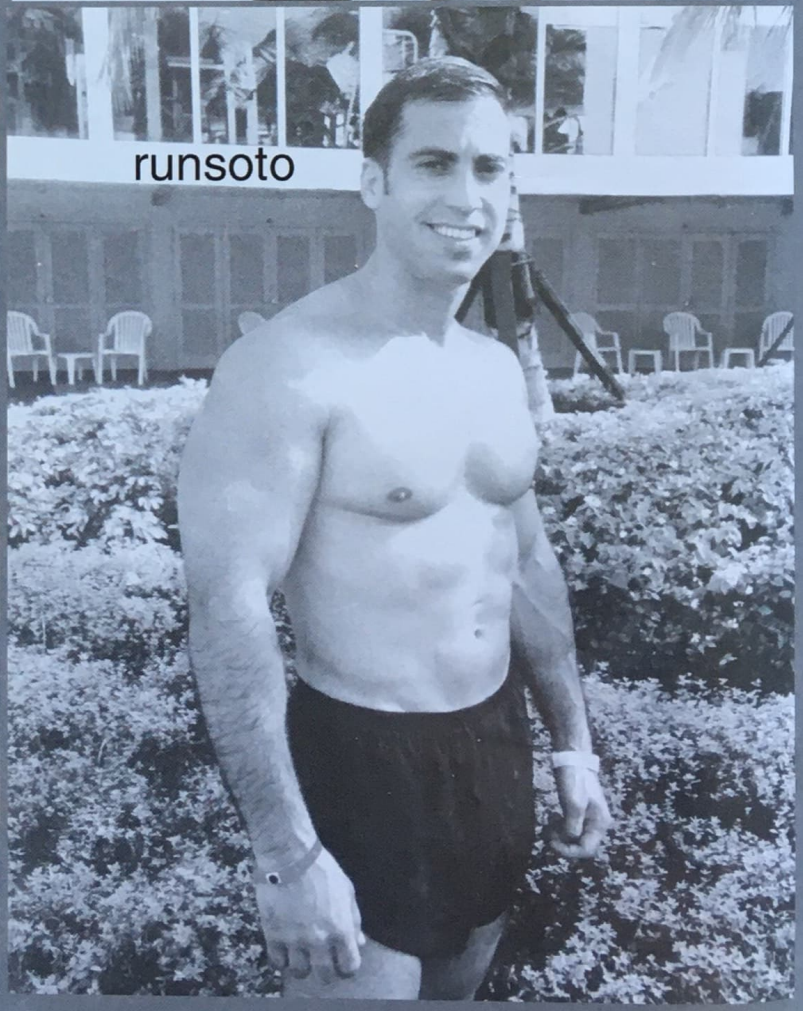

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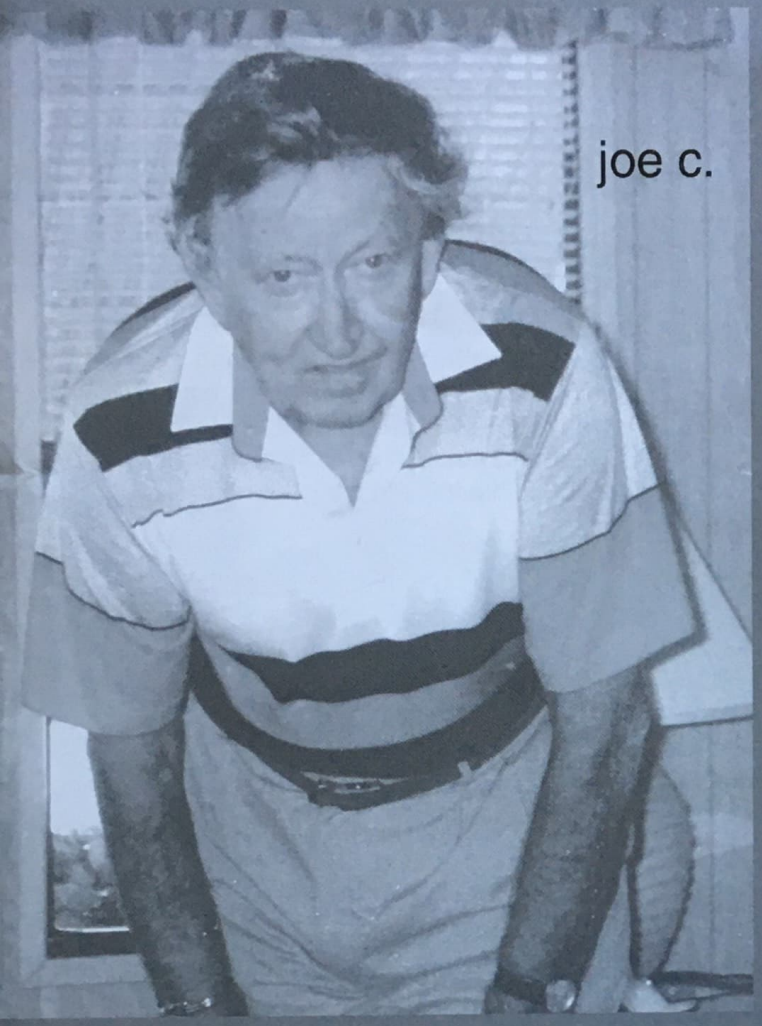
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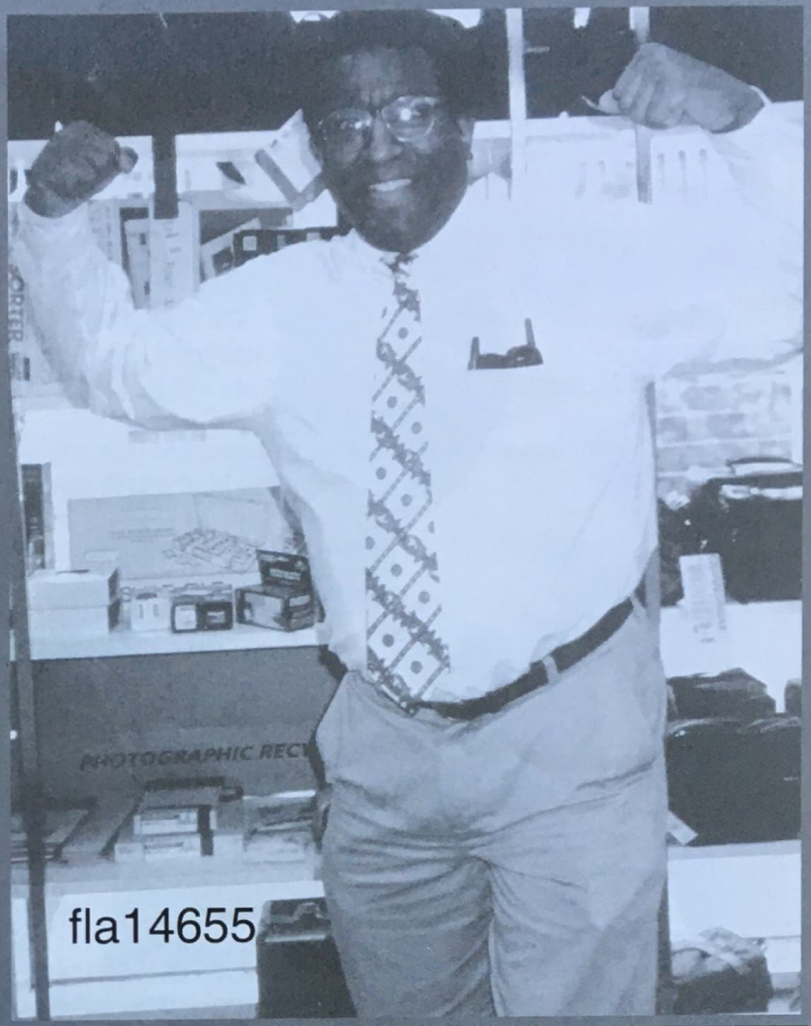
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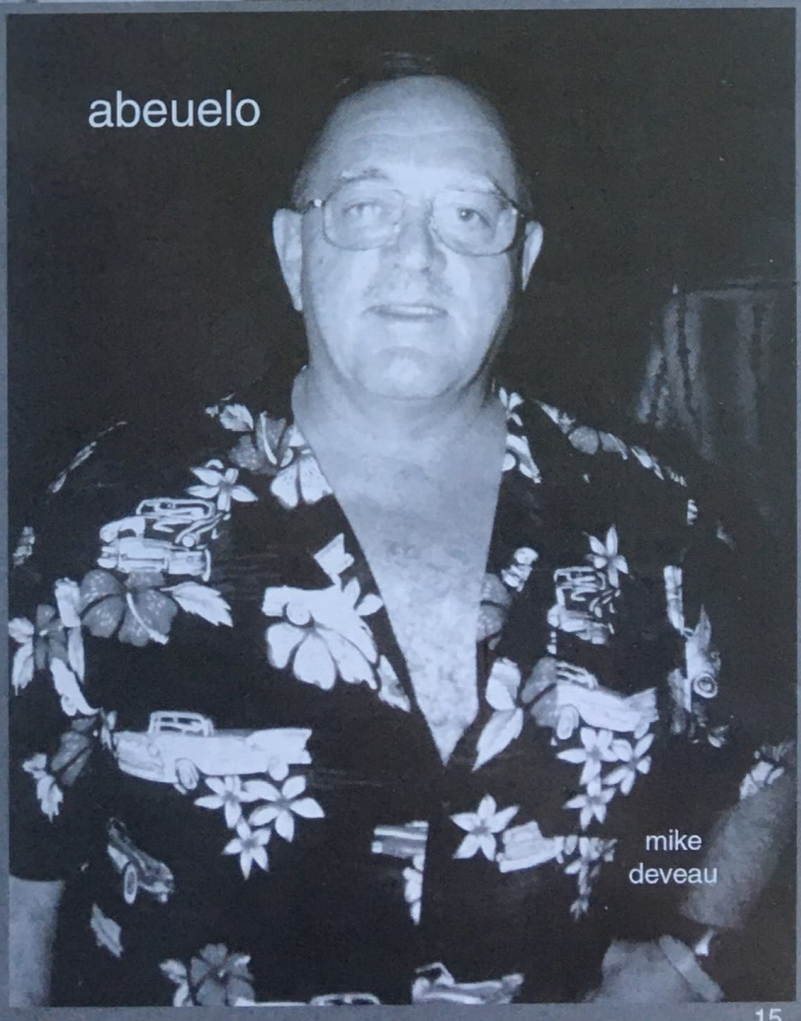
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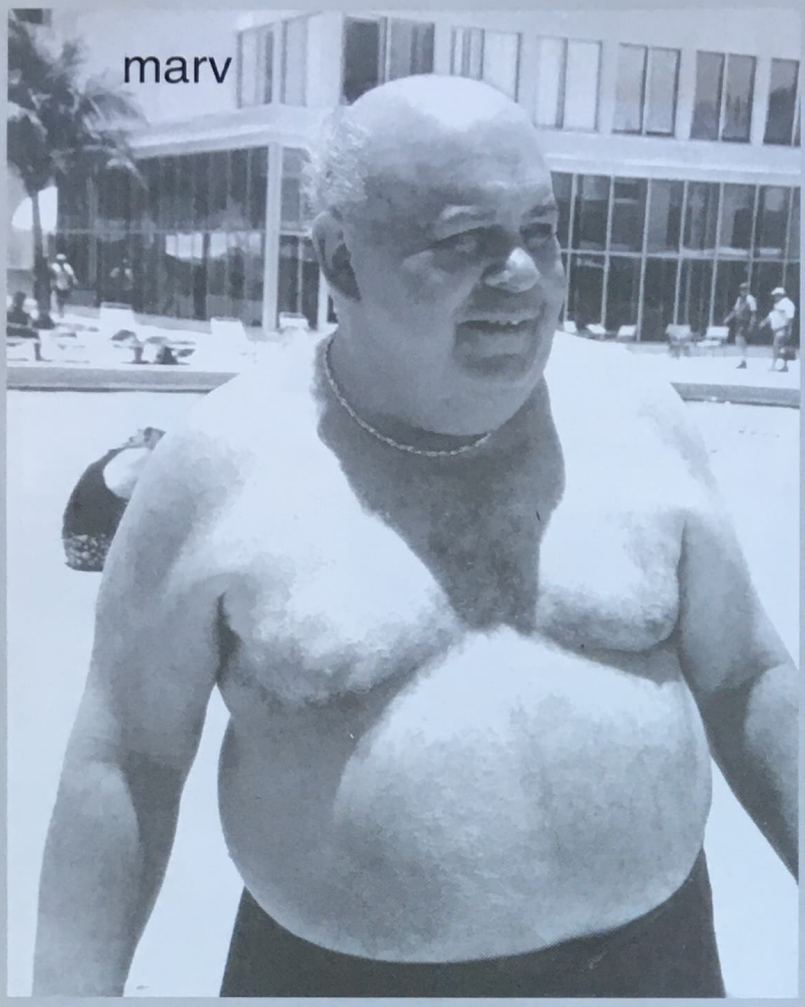

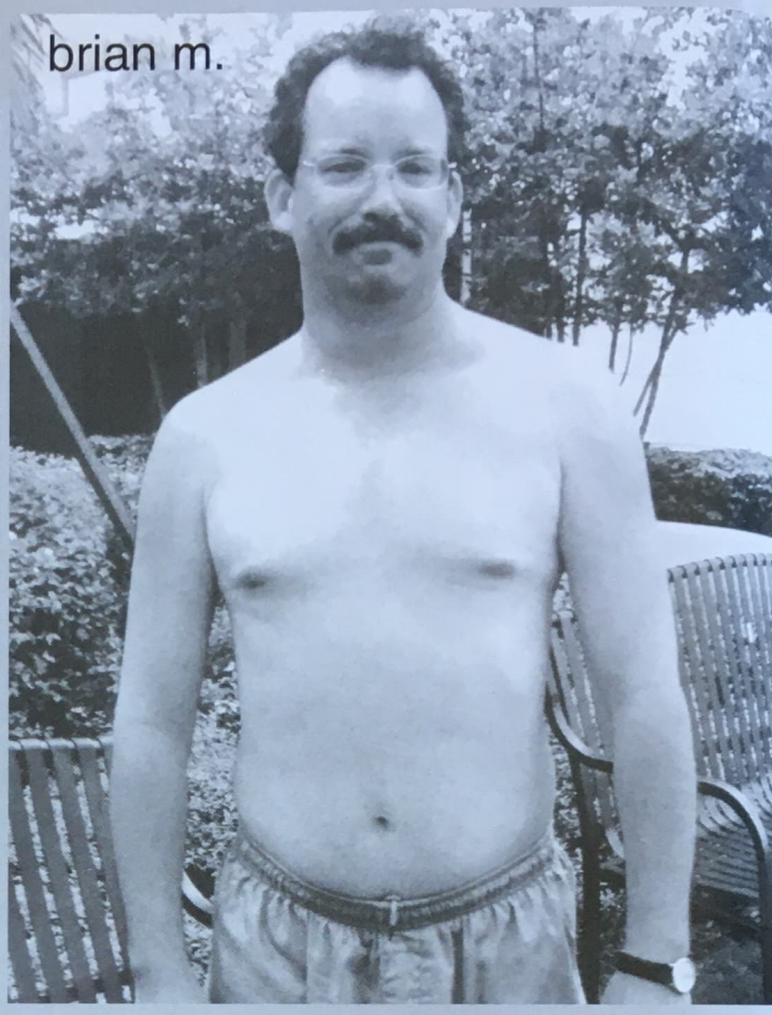

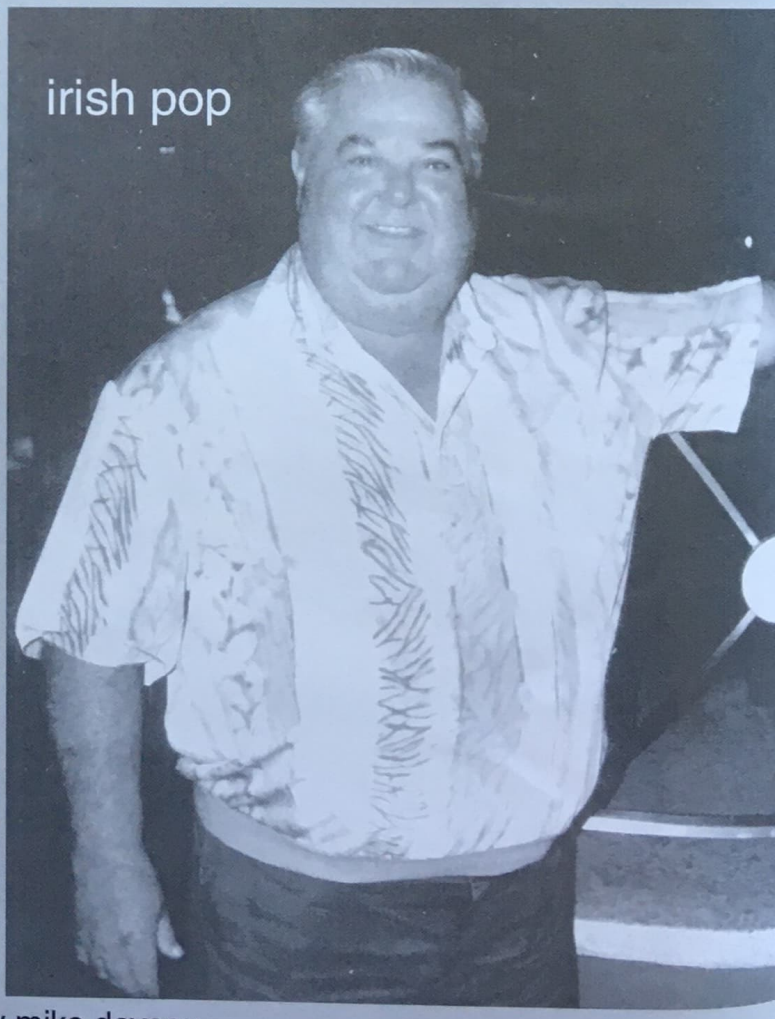

photos by mike deveau

BE A CR MODEL AND CHANGE YOUR LIFE

At CR we don't believe in the words "ugly" or "unattractive." We insist that no one is too fat or too skinny. Too tall? Bull shit! Too short? Our most popular models are short and chubby. And don't EVER say you're too old. Not for THIS magazine!

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send a sharply focused, well-contrasted, HIGH QUALITY 35 mm color or black and white photo of yourself. Do not send marginal snapshots; Polaroids; sex shots with obvious or simulated penetration or masturbation; photos with half your head or penis missing; portraits of yourself standing too far away; or prints with spots, lines, or ink marks that shouldn't be there. No electronic images, please.

Photos are not returned unless we are requested to do otherwise. If you want your photograph returned, SEND FOR IT AFTER IT IS PUBLISHED AND PROVIDE AN SASE.

The following form is required in order to have your photograph(s) featured in CR. Carefully write your name on the back of each submitted photograph and blot so that ink does not get on front of photo.

TO: CR
P.O. BOX 2589
VICTORVILLE, CA 92393

FROM: _____

This is to certify that I am the owner of the publication rights to and the model featured in the photography enclosed herein. I assign one-time rights of publication to Patrick H. Colley. It is understood that Patrick H. Colley shall retain the copyright to such photography for a period of one year from the date of publication in CR, and model agrees not to allow the publication of same elsewhere during that period. I further certify that I am at least 18 years of age, having been born on _____, 19 ____. it is understood that my photography may have to be cropped to suit the needs of the publisher.

I hereby waive any compensation in return for the publication rights to subject photography.

I request that the name of _____ be published as the name of the model, in lieu of my real name. The photographer's name should be designated as _____.

The following information should be used in any biographical sketch accompanying my photography:

Age: _____: Height: _____: Weight _____: Area of Residence: _____

Likes: _____.

Looking for: _____.

I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on the covers of CR.

I am currently SINGLE _____/ in a SEXUALLY OPEN SPOUSAL RELATIONSHIP _____/ in a MONOGAMOUS SPOUSAL RELATIONSHIP _____.

I certify that I have not signed a release with any other magazine for publication of THIS photography within the past year. I further certify that I will not authorize publication of THIS photography in any other magazine until same is published in CR. I promise to answer all letters forwarded to me as a result of my photo's publication and fully understand that my photography will be published as space is available and that no timetable is implied or promised.

Signature: _____

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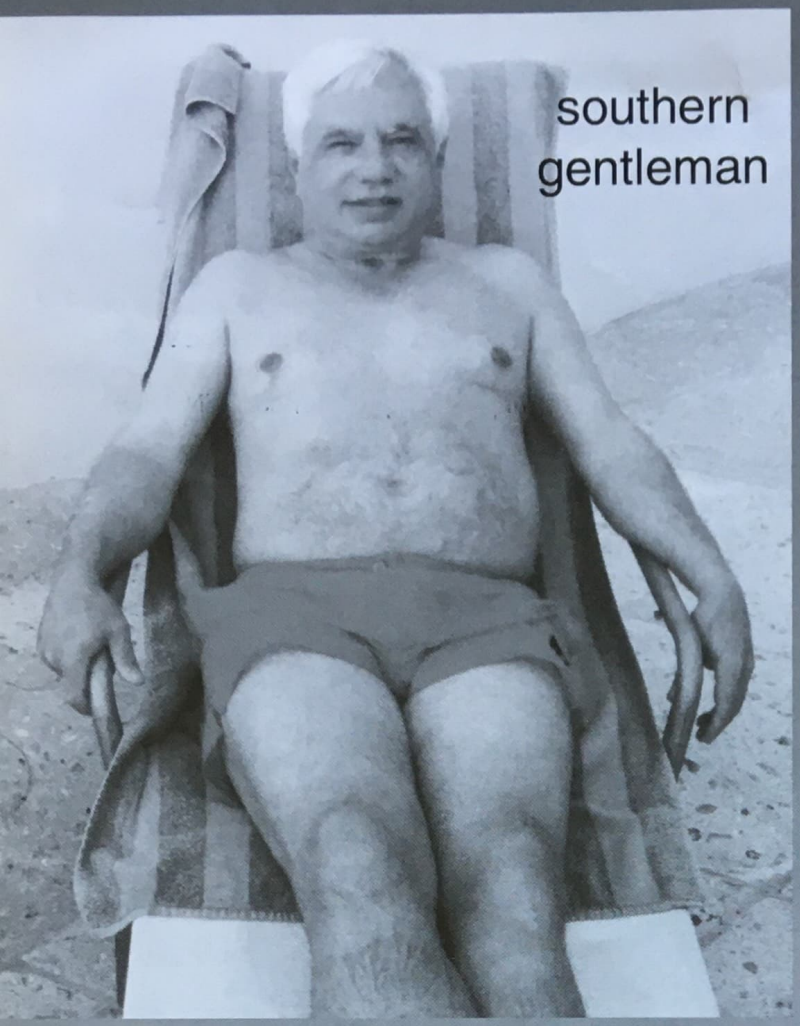
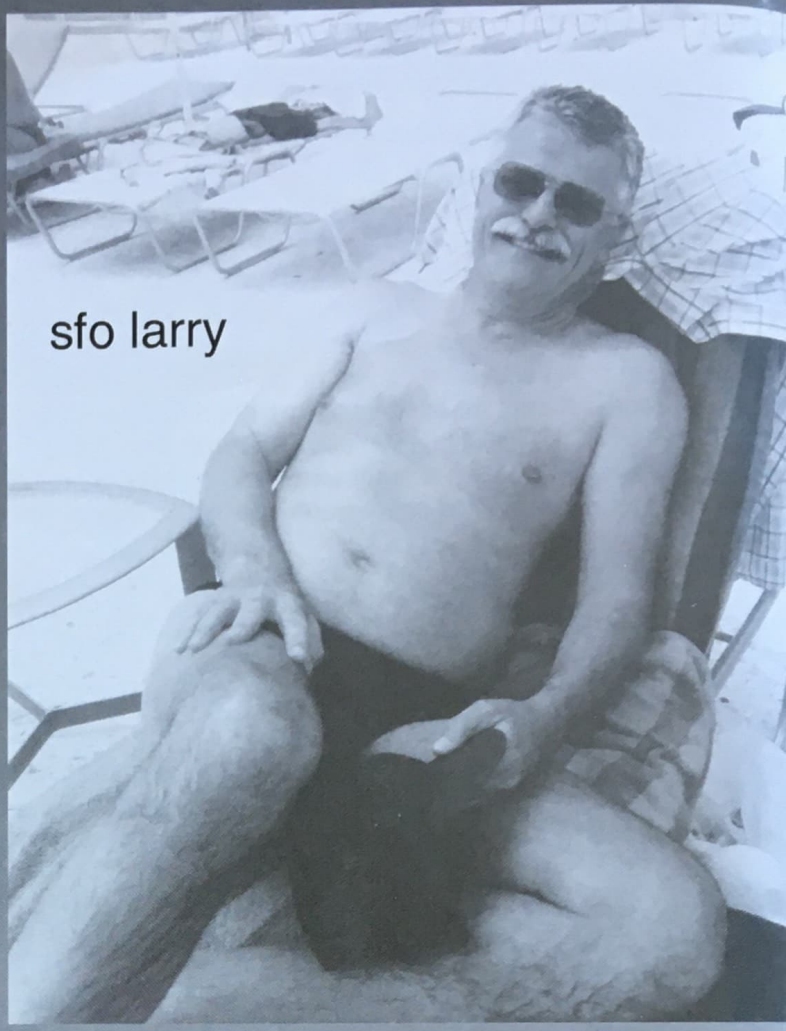
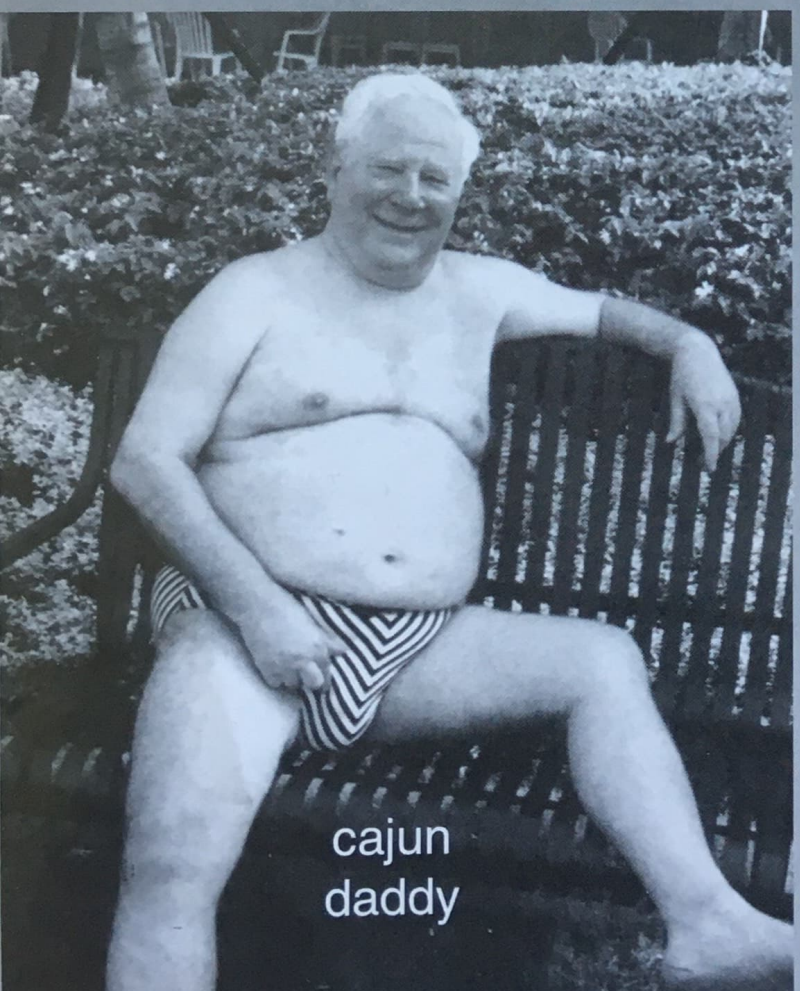
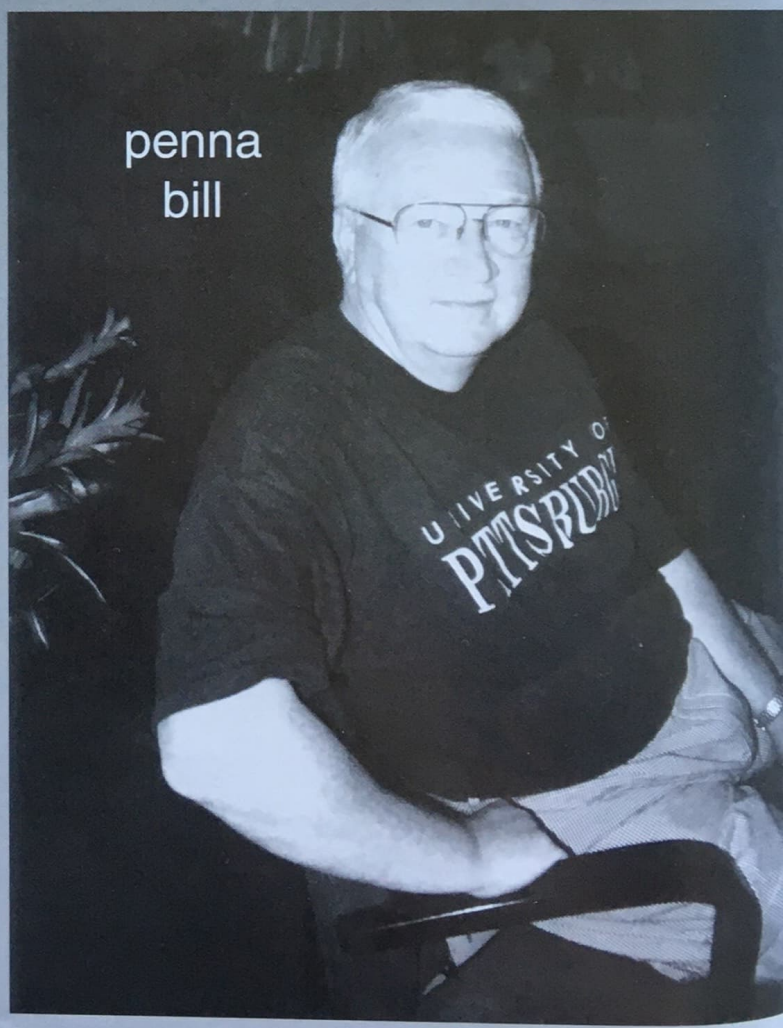
NOTE: SUBMIT PHOTOGRAPHY AND THIS RELEASE FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED TO CRPI.









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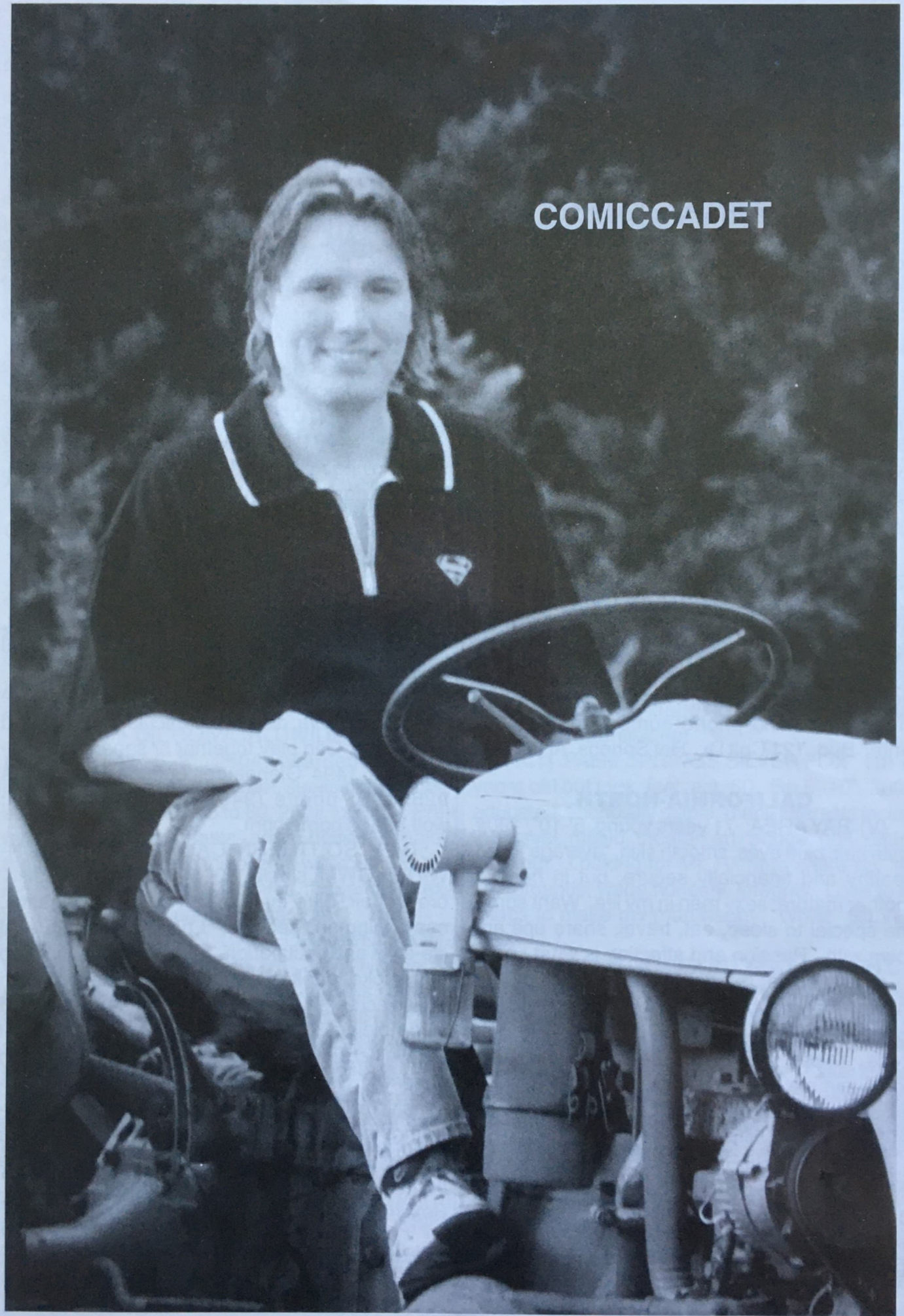
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ARIZONA

(100) TUCSON/NATIONWIDE: SGWM, 37, 5'-11", 150#, seeks caring, monogamous relationship. You: nonsmoker, light drinker, who enjoys kissing, cuddling, some regular exercise, communicating openly and kindly. Educated, passionate, stocky, hairy, all pluses. Be a "people person." **TUCSON CUDDLER**

(103) LOOKING FOR SOULMATE: 51 yo, 6 ft., 180# gray/light brown hair, in search of younger man for monogamous LTR. I'm active, athletic, top, very romantic, an arts professional. I love travel, beaches, dancing. I'm not a bear-type guy (sorry). Prefer slim, fit men, any race, who are hardworking, sincere, devoted. Photo gets mine. E-mail: wrenhouse@yahoo.com

ARKANSAS

(103) ARKANSAS/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 70, 5'-10-1/2", 175#, gray/white/balding hair, uncut medium, hairy. Looking for mature, masculine person who is interested in friend or companionship to share life and home with. Photo and phone number appreciated. Write: Bud, 121 Colt Dr., Hot Springs, AR 71913.

CALIFORNIA-NORTH

(V) BAY AREA: 71 years young, 5'-10", 190#, white hair, blue eyes, smooth skin, "average" build. Healthy and financially secure, but in need of another mature, sexy man in my life. Want someone special to sleep, eat, travel, share ups and down with. Passion and affection is what I need on a daily basis, but until that one special man shows up I am open to dating, massage exchanges, 3-ways, and fuck buddies. Not into drugs, please, youngsters, hairy or "hung" men. Come join me in the hot tub and for a massage. Bill Jones, 21 Portofino Rd., San Rafael, CA 94901. E-mail: billwjones@aol.com

(V) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/SF BAY AREA: GWM, 5'-7", 160#, 63, brown hair, cleanshaven, hairy chest, physically active, clean, honest, sincere, cut & sexy, healthy, nonsmoker/drinker, HIV negative. Enjoy movies, music, theater, dancing, cuddling, kissing, intimate sex. Write: J.H., P.O. Box 23493, San Jose, CA 95153. E-mail: heathbarr6@aol.com

(V) GAM, 35, 5'-8", 165#, sincere, honest, attractive, professional, former gymnast, seeks YOU for friendship and more. I enjoy a variety of activities from movies to short trips. Chemistry is the key. Prefer gentlemen in the SF Bay Area for possible meeting. Photo appreciated and will be returned. Don't let my code name discourage you. Write: **ASIANTOP** or E-mail Asiantop@aol.com

(101) NORTH SF BAY: Young 44, looking for warm, loving man, 55+. I enjoy nature, camping, hot springs, Hawaii. Beards appreciated. TJHenke@cs.com

CALIFORNIA-SOUTH

(V) LAGUNA BEACH/NATIONWIDE: Couple, sexually open relationship, 60, 5'-9", 160#, hung, and 67, 5'-8", 185#, very hairy, both with facial hair, seek safe sex/friendship with energetic mature singles or couples. Especially like fur. We are HIV negative, discreet, particularly oral, tit and reciprocal. Can play together or separately. Peter/Jack, 1494 Glenneyre, Laguna Beach, CA 92651, or phone (949) 497-3548. E-mail: wolf.bear@home.com

(V2) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, single, 60, 5'-11", 178#, reddish/brown hair, blue eyes, clean-cut, HIV negative, easy going and relaxed. I have a very unusual life-style and occupation. I am straight acting, do not smoke, drink or get involved in drugs. I am very discreet and have a great sense of humor. I love holding, kissing, cuddling and sex often. I am well-endowed and cut, typical of my English ancestry. Seeking monogamous long-term relationship with a sincere, compatible, younger, fun-loving, romantic partner. Please send me your serious, detailed letter with photos and your phone number for a prompt reply. Write: D.R.P., P.O. Box 10009, Burbank, CA 91510-0009.

(V) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: R.U. romantic? Talented? Playful? Like older men? This masculine couple in an open relationship seeks other horny men. We are talented, playful and enjoy similar. We are both hairy and fun. You be too. Fred: 67, 5'-10", 195#, experienced, hairy, cut. Gene: 78, 5'-7", 155#, hairy, beard, cut. Both HIV negative. You must be too. Write: Fred M., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510, or call (818) 762-3675, from 9 am to midnight, PST.

(V) CALIFORNIA/INTERNATIONAL: HGM, 43, 5'-6", 150#, athletic body, HIV negative, trim body, in good health. Interests in all the arts, music, travel. In an open relationship with GWM, 80, 170#, also in good health. Seeking friendships and more. Write: Juan B. Alvarado, 4243-A - 47th St., San Diego, CA 92115.

(V) CENTRAL CALIFORNIA/STATEWIDE: GWM, 34, 6'-1", 175# with blue eyes, balding head and a big, long dick, seeks older Caucasian man, 40+. Must send photo. **GREEN GENES**

(V) LIFE PARTNER WANTED: Retired GWM, 63, 5'-11", 190#, nonsmoker, So. California area, desires GWM, 55-70, under 5'-10", for LTR. I can travel and relocate anywhere. Photo and phone exchange. Write: **CAL**

(V) SAN DIEGO/WORLDWIDE: German/Irish man, 46, 6'-2", 250#, bearded, balding, FURRY, professional, discreet, seeks big, chubby, strong, friendly men, 45 to 60, 250# to 350#. Prefer big shoulders, chests, arms, bellies. I enjoy theater, travel, sports, the ocean, workouts. Seeking good friends, maybe lover, if chemistry exists. E-mail: Danieles@home.com

(V) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Wild Bill, GWM, 60, 6 ft., 220#, HIV negative. Enjoys safe sex, travel, movies, dining. Clean-shaven, nonsmoker. Write to Bill Langley, 4622 Felton St. #2, San Diego, CA 92116, or telephone (619) 284-1437, and ask for Bill.

(V) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Los Angeles senior Bear, 5'-9", 225#, hairy, uncut, CR model, HIV negative, looking for other Senior/Bear types to correspond with. Would especially enjoy finding someone to travel with (locally or ???). I'm pretty "laid back" but not yet quite dead. Enjoy movies, theater, books, animals, food . . . you know . . . the good life. Not looking for a "sugar-daddy" and not looking to *be* a sugar-daddy. E-mail me at Silenus2@earthlink.net or write me at: Silenus Honey, 5152 LaVista Ct., Los Angeles, CA 90004-1535. Either way . . . a picture of you is a must! (Full figure nude with face showing is best.) I'll respond with the same. Blessed be!

(V) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/WEST ORANGE COUNTY: WM, 60s, 5'-11", 190#, seeks pen- pals and good friends. Gladly exchange photos. Nonsmoker, nondrinker. Will answer all. **ALSJCAL**

(101) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 70, 6'-1", 180#, blue/gray, uncut, HIV negative, active, semiretired, healthy. Enjoys simple life: biking, walking, gardening, dining out, nature, camping, movies. Seeks trim partner with similar interests, ages 35-70, nonsmoker/nondrinker. Photo appreciated, returned. Dutch, P.O. Box 40333, Santa Barbara, CA 93140, or call (805) 565-0169.

(100) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: 55, 350#, 6'-1", actor, well-educated, well-traveled, good sense of humor, passionate, seeks slim or muscular chaser, 25-40. Large endowment welcome. Write with photo to R. Ward, 5400 Simpson Ave. #9, Valley Village, CA 91607, or e-mail Machray@earthlink.net

(101) PALM SPRINGS SILVER FOX: I'm 75 years old but look, feel, act, 50. I'm 5'-10", 200#, educated, financially stable; many interests including travel, music, theater, art, bridge, golf, dining in or out. Looking for Mr. Right to share my life. I'm romantic, value honesty, integrity. Love to do things to make my man happy. Write: **SILVER FOX**

(V) SAN DIEGO COUNTY/SOUTHERN CA: Whimsical 72, 6 ft., 165#, GWM, gray/hazel, clean-shaven, seeks honest, intelligent, slim, 30-40s, clean-shaven, affectionate man who is sincerely appreciative of older men. I like humor, being at home, antiques, simple life. Light drink/smoke okay. No drugs. I am HIV negative, oral and a bottom. Use a cane for walking. Your heart and mind more important than looks. Your photo (will return) will get a prompt reply. I do not have E-mail. Write: M. Murphy, P.O. Box 2206, Carlsbad, CA 92018, or call (760) 434-2336.

(V) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: WWM, 57, 5'-8", 150#, uncut, trim, in-shape, HIV negative, well-travelled, cosmopolitan, retired, in search of successful, secure, healthy gentleman around 70+ till eternity, French active, for short visits, vacations or cruises. Your photo and telephone number will get prompt reply. Write: **BUM OF THE BEACH**, or E-mail: Bum_of_the_beach@prodigy.net

COLORADO

(V) COLORADO/NATIONWIDE: If you are truly sincere and caring, please read on. This show biz veteran, 68 (yes, I can still perform!!!), and former university teacher, longs for a beautiful relationship with a younger, trim, masculine GM. I am an honest, kind, fun-loving gentleman. Relocating considered. Please write: **STILL PERFORMING**

FLORIDA

(V) WEST PALM BEACH/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 73, 5'-10", 240#, clean-shaven, seeks 50-70 GWM for friendship, correspondence. Tall, muscular drink/drug-free non-smoker a plus. Varied interests include swimming, cooking, nutrition, theater, travel. Loyalty and discretion assured. **KOOKABURRA**

(V) ST. PETERSBURG: Hispanic (Venezuelan), masculine, clean-cut, 47, 5'-9", 160#, gymnast body, hung, educated, charming, in search of stocky, burly seniors over 60 to exchange sensual letters, laughs, pictures, ideas. Write: J.H., 1417 Winchester Rd., N., St. Petersburg, FL 33710; e-mail: JHigu35573@aol.com

(V) TAMPA BAY/FLORIDA: GWM, 51, 5'-11", 189#, HIV negative. I've been in an open relationship with a 75-year-old man for 11 years. Looking for Daddies over 57 for friendship and play. Gray hair and blue eyes are a plus. E-mail me at: PaxPars@aol.com

(V) SIXTY N' SINGIN' - S.W. Florida, mid-60s, 5'-11", 190#, good tan, semiretired, seeking mate desirous of relocating to Florida. Share mobile home in Paradise. **SIXTY N SINGIN**

(V) FT. MYERS: GWM, 45, 6'-1", 208#, intelligent, good-looking, masculine, athletic, tan, 7-1/2 cut, discreet, HIV negative, Fr and Gr A & P. Love to cuddle. Seeks same who is 58-75, virile, distinguished, good build, very HAIRY! Also want to hear from STRETCH II, JEFF WHITE, TANGO, JACK B. TECUMSEH, please. Photos-letters to J.J.K., 9209 Coral Isle Way, Ft. Myers, FL 33919.

(V) GULF COAST FLORIDA: Man-loving 68 y/o WM, HIV negative, educated. Retired for many years. Am 5'-9", 160#, smooth body, 5-1/2" cut. Enjoy cuddling, conversation, health, no smoke/drugs, seeking similar man, 55-75, height/weight in proportion. Photo exchanged. Write **QOF**

(V) CAPE CORAL/FLORIDA: GWM, 68, 230#, bald, s & p mustache, tan, hairy body, retired university professor, single, enjoy traveling, camping, nudity, gardening, theater, cooking, woodworking, etc. Affectionate, outgoing, enjoy lots of body contact, cuddling. HIV negative, CR model DIXIE DICK. Nonsmoker, nondrinker. Seeing friends in my new home, travel companions to share expenses and fun. Letter and photos to: Dick, 30 S.E. 23rd Place, Cape Coral, FL 33990-1453, or e-mail: dixiedick69@yahoo.com

(101) FL/NH and in-between while traveling north and south: 75 years young, nonsmoker, nondrinker, seeks middle-aged+ for manly pleasures to make life more enjoyable. Need I say MORE? Ross1945@aol.com

(102) SEEK SENIOR FRIENDS: Clearwater, FL GWM, masculine, slender, average size, 55 y/o, 5'-7", 147#, drug, smoke and D-D free. You be too. In search of masculine, 65-80 y/o. I am very loving, versatile, caring. Work with computers. Seek a man whose ultimate goal, like mine, is to develop a solid, honest LTR. Perhaps you are that man? Relocated considered. Write: **EDLO** or E-mail: Edlo10@juno.com

(102) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Sexy, mature man, 73, 5'-8", 178#, brown hair, blue eyes, clean-shaven, well-endowed, seeks mature man, late 50s to 80s for a beautiful relationship and a great life. Live alone in my own home. You can't miss. Write me: Joseph Coll, 509 La Playa Circle, Northport, FL 34287.

(V) FLORIDA: 65, 6'-2", 205#, gray/brown hair, blue eyes, HIV negative, affectionate, love to cuddle, love to kiss, love to give and get tongue baths. Looking for younger (30-50), masculine man for good times and see what develops. Your photo gets quick reply. Write: **FRENCHY**

GEORGIA

(V) GEORGIA/FLORIDA/SOUTHEAST: 58, 170#, 5'-11", blue eyes, silver hair/moustache, Greek passive, semiretired, seeks mature, masculine, aggressive gentleman. Interested in becoming acquainted and developing a friendship first, then possibly a monogamous, intimate relationship. Share part-time entrepreneurial venture, such as organic herbs, bee pollen, green tea. Enjoy performing arts (opera, ballet, symphony, theater), travel. Write: Herbal Den, P.O. Box 424, Sparta, GA 31087, or call (706) 444-0611.

(V) ATLANTA: GM, 54, 5'-11", 170#, blue eyes, dark black hair, thick six-inches cut, seeking all big and heavy older seniors, ages 55-90, with huge, round overhanging bellies, weight from 310# - 380#. Seeking any race. Enjoy hugging, kissing, fondling, Greek top, French A-P, mutual J/O. Your nude photos with phone get prompt reply. Hozie James, P.O. Box 17994, Atlanta, GA 30316.

(V) ROSWELL: GWM, 83, 5'-10", 220#, brown eyes, gray/white hair, 5" cut, widower, retired teacher, affectionate, masculine, seeking nonsmoker, no drugs, moderate drinker, 60-85, for friendship, pen-pal and more. Enjoy hugging kissing, fondling, mutual J/O, French A/P. Your photo and phone number get prompt reply. Write: **ROBI**

ILLINOIS

(V) CHICAGO AREA: 6'-1-1/2", 205#, 69-year-old Grandaddy Bear Top wants a big, strong, heavy-set, athletic, cub bear, bottom son. Hairy or smooth okay. J.L., P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60161.

(101) ILLINOIS: GWM, 60, 6'-1", 250#, looking for a gay guy between the ages of 30 and 70 for a relationship. Seek satisfying and passionate get togethers. Size is not important. Enjoy sex. Call (630) 208-9002

(V) ST. LOUIS METRO AREA: GWM, 69, 5'-11", single, hairy chest, uncut, blue eyes, big smile. You: 30ish to 50ish, mostly top, TLC specialist, height/weight proportionate, nonsmoker, no drugs, fun loving, for friendship and possible LTR. E-mail: illlunicorn@hotmail.com or write: **ILLINOIS UNICORN**

INDIANA

(V) INDIANA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 36, 5'-9", 260# (heavy-set), nonsmoker, enjoys sports, outdoors, bowling, traveling, and flea markets. I seek GWM to share life and adventures with, and who knows what might happen. Write: J.S., P.O. Box 266, Wabash, IN 46992.

(V) NW INDIANA: GWM, 41, 5'-9", 155#. Am 50 miles SE of Chicago. Balding, salt-and-pepper, moderately hairy with goatee. I'm affectionate and masculine. Enjoy the company of husky seniors. Beards are a plus. E-mail: izakar@aol.com, or call (219) 763-3157

IOWA

(V) SOUTHEAST IOWA - NATIONWIDE: I am 41 years old of East Indian, Scots, Irish and African background, 5'-8" tall and weigh 200#. I am into music of most kinds, sports, and old movies. I love to eat at interesting restaurants (Chinese, Italian and All American) and love to attend shows and travel. Love quiet evenings with a friend or loved one. Write: **HERB** or e-mail: bkatchay@iwc.edu

KANSAS

(V) N.E. KANSAS/NATIONWIDE: Retired 60s, 5'-10", 6" uncut, 165#, bald with close clip, many and varied interests. French active, Greek passive. Bottom in search of top, over 40. **KANSAS RUSS**

KENTUCKY

(V) KENTUCKY: GWM, 34, 5'-8", 134#, slim muscular build, brown hair, blue eyes, perfect 6-1/4 cut. Exhibitionist, loves nudity. Seeks men 50+ only! Old timers, grandfathers, seniors are welcome. Discretion is required. Must be masculine and not too heavy. Couples, clergy and married get priority. Write: Mark A. Lawson, P.O. Box 324, Shepherdsville, KY 40165.

MARYLAND

(103) MARYLAND--NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, seeks other males in Baltimore, surrounding states, or nationwide. I am 5'-7", 150#, brown hair, hazel eyes. I have varied interests. Seek 50-70 mature males for fun, good times. **STEVE OF MARYLAND**

MASSACHUSETTS

(V2) BOSTON BILL, age 70, seeks friends and social companions living near Boston. Prefer single, nonsmoker, 25-45, any race. E-mail: bostbill@ix.netcom.com P.O. Box 261, Boston, MA 02122. Visit me at :

http://bostbill.home.netcom.com

(V) BOSTON: GWM, 62, 5'-11", 174#, salt & pepper hair, nice build, chunky, hairy chest, blue eyes, nice thick legs. Seeking masculine similar for friendship and more. If you are coming to Boston, will help you with any answers on questions about the gay scene. I like theater, movies, dining out, traveling. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply: **JAKE**

MICHIGAN

(V2) DETROIT AREA: late fifties, 6 ft., 180#, single. Likes men over 60, nonsmoker, light drinker, no drugs, financially secure. Interests are wide but include travel, reading, computers, movies, scuba, sports. Favorite pastime is spending time with someone special. Write: **CRLVR**, or e-mail: crlvr@aol.com

(V) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Single, white, youthful looking senior, 6 feet, 175 pounds, blue eyes, brown balding hair, sport well-trimmed beard. My interests are manyfold: arts, antiques, books, old cars and motorcycles, bridge, automobile trips, travel, music, theater and opera. Good cooking as well. Race and age no barrier. French active and passive; Greek active and passive. **OUTREACHING**

(V) NW Suburban Detroit: Would like to find "that special" friend, companion, future partner. I'm GWM, 52, 5'-8", 175#, moderately hairy, nonsmoker. I enjoy being home as well as traveling (even weekend getaways). I also enjoy reading, theater, most music, classic cars, golf and affectionate conversation. I'm looking for a GWM, 40-55, with moderately hairy (to bear) with similar interests. Please write: **HOMEBODY**

MINNESOTA

(V) TWIN CITIES: GWM, 56, 6'-1", 230#. Enjoy friendship with men in 50s or 60s. Prefer oral sex, no anal. Your picture gets picture of me. Write: **WAG** or e-mail: C R Wag 2@aol.com (note three spaces)

MISSISSIPPI

(V) BAY ST. LOUIS: Take care of an older man. He is just fine except a little unsteady on his feet. I am 72, 5'-9", 160#, uncut. You are 50-65, over 160#, preferably uncut. Free living in a pleasant town. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(V) KANSAS CITY/NATIONWIDE: WM, early 70s, 6'-2", 210#, nonsmoker, nondrinker, looking for young man, very clean and disease-free, swimmer's build preferred, circumcised, smaller is better. E-mail: Luvr1313@aol.com *(Note corrected e-mail address. If you responded before and your message was returned, please try again.)*

NEVADA

(V) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 69, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(102) RENO BOUND? Writer, 68, lover, 34, like to meet you. Interests: architecture, railroads, travel. Nonsexual. (775) 329-2474.

NEW JERSEY

(V) RETIRED SENIOR: GWM, 73, 5'-8", 170#. Enjoy kissing, cuddling and intimate sex. I am masculine, drug-free and uncut. Seeking heavy-set older male for short- or long-term relationship. Short and stocky, white hair or bald, are pluses. Call John: (609) 978-0262.

(102) NEWARK/MAPLEWOOD AREA: GWM, 63, 6'-2", 195#, 7" uncut, short beard. Me: live alone. Seek friendship with sex. Prefer manly, retired seniors. You: must live nearby (NJ, Manhattan, N.E. PA). I'll drive half way to meet first time. Tom (973) 416-5452, no machine, keep trying.

(V) NEW JERSEY AREA: GWM, 70, 5'-8", retired literature professor, bottom. Seeks handsome black top for loving relationship, 30-50. Enjoy local nude beach, walks on beach, cooking and poetry. In excellent health. Send photo with letter to: Dr. Richard A. George, 96 Mount Pleasant Ave., West Orange, NJ 07052.

(103) NEW JERSEY: True friends, real people sought by 48 yo GWM for friendship, fun and maybe more. Chubby bearguy seeks guys about 15-20 years younger. Prefer slender with black or red hair, but not a must. Like Latinos and dark-skinned Caucasians. Hairy is also nice. Spiritual and metaphysical studies of prime interest. Enjoy reading, cuddling, Italian food, and oral sex; though not ALL at the same time. NO DRUGS, ALCOHOL or CIGARETTES. I am quiet, reserved, somewhat reclusive and shy. Send me your pix, likes, needs, desires, wants, dreams, and contact info to David S. Bernstein, P.O. Box 2018, Teaneck, NJ 07666, or E-mail: davidrsc@bellatlantic.net

NEW MEXICO

(103) NEW MEXICO/SANTA FE AREA/NATIONWIDE: Young 74, 6 ft., 185#, healthy, clean, nonsmoker/drinker, enjoys music, movies, arts, quiet evenings at home. Friendship leading to a possible relationship. Will answer all. Write: Ed, 6559 Robin, Cochiti Lake, NM 87083.

NEW YORK

(V) NEW YORK: GWM, 51, 5'-9", 185#, short brown hair, bald, affectionate, fun-loving, enjoys theater, movies, travel, long walks, talks, cabaret, architecture, museums, cruise ships, lots more. I seek special guy for great friendship and long relationship. Love to cuddle, kiss, massage, very romantic. I live and work in Manhattan. Looking forward to hearing from you. Please mail letter and photo with your phone number to: **LOVES TO DANCE**

(V) BROOKLYN, NY/NATIONWIDE - COUPLE: 58 and 55, in search of men with same interests, such as theater, country music, social nudity, small intimate gatherings, kissing, cuddling, mutual J/O and safe sex. No booze or smokes. 50 plus is a plus. Couples or singles. Write: **DUMPY & DAISEY**

(V) LONELY IN NEW YORK: GWM, 54, 5'-7", 200#, Fr. A/P, Gr A (virgin, but ??). Looking for heavy males. Prefer older but younger okay for friendship, sex, and possible long-term relationship. Recently lost my lover, companion, friend, lifemate of 24 years. Write with photo, nude if possible, to: J. Roger Maynard, 2854 Marshall Road, Medina, NY 14103.

(V) NEW YORK, NEW ENGLAND, MIDWEST: PSGWM, 60, 5'-10", portly, hairy, affectionate, likes older men. Interests include fine arts, nature, history, sports. Can achieve multiple climax under right chemistry. Can travel some. Your photo gets prompt reply. **HONEYCREEPER**

(V) LONG ISLAND/NYC AREA: GWM, 5'-8", 205#, 36, seeks GWM, 60-80, heavy, preferably 275-400#. Into safe sex, from cuddling to kink. No LTR. Just some occasional fun times. HIV negative and expect same. Write to J.M., P.O. Box 2881, Ronkonkoma, NY 11779.

(101) SMALL BEAR IN SEARCH OF BUDDIES: Professional in search of mature, discreet buddies, phimosed or preferably uncut and furry. Overweight preferred but not required. Looking for masculine guys with unused or underused dicks and balls for play. Specialize in challenged physically and deformed dicks. T.C., P.O. Box 142, Radio City Station, NY, NY 10101-0142.

(V) NATIONWIDE: Affectionate, playful, straight-acting, educated, HIV negative, GW Daddy, 58, 5'-11", 185#, seeks ticklish, submissive, HIV negative, GW son, 25-45. Stripping, tickling, teasing, horseplay, hugs, kisses, cuddling, tongue baths, body kisses, massages, showers together, safe sex. Optional light spanking. Relocation possible. R.P., P.O. Box 462, NY, NY 10156.

(V) NEW YORK/LONG ISLAND: Seeks 60+, husky, well endowed local area man. Me: 44, WGM, 197#, XGDLKG, 5'-11", GDSHPE, independent, masculine, fun, warm, loving. "It's nice to be important, but important to be nice." Greathead@hotmail.com

(103) NEED COMPANION FOR TRAVEL/THEATER: GSM, 67, retired professor, theater/dance critic, wants companions for travel, also free reviewer's guest tickets to NW New York and Ontario theaters. No strings. Open to non-role-playing, painless, oral play. E-mail: simpsonphd@cs.com For info and photos: http://pages.about.com/simpsonphd/

OHIO

(V) COLUMBUS: Professional GWM, average looks, 70s, 5'-7", 169#, nonsmoker, seeks romantic and affectionate gentleman who is seeking an eventual long-term relationship. Must be loving and caring, sincere, discreet. No drugs. Safe sex. I am on a fixed income and enjoy quiet times, movies, sports. Your photo will get prompt reply. Write: Bob, 1629 Park Row Drive, Columbus, OH 43235.

(V) SW OHIO: GBM (café au lait), 57, 5'-10", 210#, FrA/P, GrA, semiretired PR professional. Interests: current events, sports, documentaries, veterans' affairs, theater, explicit tapes of mature men. You: 50+, eager for friendship, cuddling, intimacy. Write: STRAC, 7745 Essington Circle, Dayton, OH 45459. E-mail: strac001@aol.com

(V) HANDSOME DAD WANTS BOYISH SON: 66, 6'-2", 220#, brown hair (no gray), blue eyes, clean-shaven, clean-cut, 48" hairy chest with some gray, football player's build (used to play in CA where I'm from), 7-1/2" cut, in decent shape without muscles and with a small gut, a really nice guy who likes some leather and kink. Looking for cute young "son" (over 18) with smarts, and who wants a real person to spend the rest of his life with. Still work in my own business, so I can help you relocate financially. If the idea of an older man who doesn't look or act like an older man appeals to you, drop me a line with your picture. Barry, 1742 W. 29th Place, Cleveland, OH 44113-3022, or call (216) 687-1238 before 11 pm Eastern time. E-mail: barrycal@webtv.net

(V) DAYTON/NATIONWIDE: Passionate Teddy Bear, GWM, 57, 5'-9", 210#, gray/brown hair (balding), brown eyes. Cut. Very affectionate. World-class hugger, all-American kisser. You must like to kiss. I am a nonsmoker, nondrinker. Professional. Like theater, movies, mystery novels. Prefer younger, circumcised, smaller . . . but nice is top priority. E-mail: morehugs@iname.com

OKLAHOMA

(102) OKLAHOMA/NATIONWIDE: GWM Daddy's Boy, 26, 6'-1", 300#, brown/brown, nonsmoker, HIV negative. I seek affectionate daddy, 35 or older for fun and possible LTR. I prefer chubby, hairy daddies who have a mustache or are clean shaven. Write: Gary D., 1000-A Morris St., Pocola, OK 74902. Your photo gets quick response.

(103) NATIONWIDE/OKLAHOMA: GWM, 34, 6 ft., 185#, HIV negative, attractive, seeking honest sincere, special gentleman. I am willing to relocate for the right long-term relationship. I like comic books, quiet evenings, videos. No drugs or sex freaks. All letter with photos answered. Write: Comiccadet, 6608 N. Western Avenue (PMB 182), Oklahoma City, OK 73116.

OREGON

(103) WEST COAST NEWBEE: Sweet, sexualized, very submissive bottom, 40s looks 30s, Greek passive, French active, solid, well-proportioned, attractive, fun body and mind, friendly, caring, warm, clean-cut, professional, sensual, playful, eager to please older, mature top Chiron. Your age, size, looks not important. LTR possible. All answered. Write: **EAGERBEAVER**, or e-mail: eagerbeaver@nightmail.com

PENNSYLVANIA

(V) CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA GUY: Affectionate GWM, late 60s, 5'-8", 155#, bald and buzzed, nonsmoker, HIV negative, likes music, theater and travel. Enjoys all aspects of intimacy and virtually all sexual activity. Anxious to meet men of all ages for friendship, pen-pal or other

possibilities. Write: **DAVE OF PA**, or e-mail: Burnie_everready@hotmail.com

SOUTH CAROLINA

(V) SOUTHERN MAN: Just turned 60, 6 feet, 185#, blue eyes. Enjoy all things oral. Own home near ocean. Seeking pen pals, photos, visitors. Write: Resident, 707 - 27th Ave., South, North Myrtle Beach, SC 29582.

TENNESSEE

(V) WANTED: VIGOROUS LIVE-IN: GWM, 6 ft., 215#, 66 years young, looking for a lover who needs guidance, love and all that goes with this partnership. Can you meet this request for someone to hold me and love me? Do not smoke, drink, do drugs. I'm HIV negative. Call this number if you are the man: (931) 628-0524. Tennessee Country Boy.

TEXAS

(102) WHITECOWBOY: GWM, 58, 5'-9", salt and pepper hair, clean shaven. Looking for someone to share and have fun with. You can be skinny or have a few extra pounds on you. But you had better have a sense of humor. You are comfortable in a tux, jeans, or nothing at all. Write: **WHITECOWBOY**

(102) SAN ANTONIO: Single GWM, 47, 6'-5, 320#, mustache, blue eyes, big build, honest, caring, looking for friends all over the world. Write: **MIAN53**

(V) TEXAS AND ADJOINING STATES/NATIONWIDE: Affectionate, straight acting, 55 yo gay male, 5'-11", 230#, 8" cut, French A/P, Greek A. Seeking thin, 55 to 75 yo GWM or GHM bottom for a LTR. Brown or blond hair and blue yes a plus. Also uncut a plus. Hung would be nice. Lee Walker, HCR 3, Box 45Q, Del Rio, TX 78840.

VIRGINIA

(V2) CHESAPEAKE, VA/ST. AUGUSTINE, FL: GWM, 60s, 5'-7", 120#, 7-1/4 uncut, seeking thin 75 to 85 year old, white hair, well-endowed. Must consider personal hygiene paramount, possible LTR. I like caring and sharing. Please recent photo: Bob B. (757) 483-8941.

(100) ARLINGTON: Me: 43 y/o nonsmoker, single, HIV negative, WM, 5'-9", 180#, sexually versatile, hairy, many interests, live in Metro DC area. You: mature WM, over 40, nonsmoker, average-stocky build. Looking to share life and love. It has been too long since someone special was in my life, how about you? Your photo gets mine. All replies answered. Brian, 1600 N. Oak St. #1228, Arlington, VA 22209. (Note: previous ad in error. Wants OVER 40, not under 40.)

WASHINGTON

(V2) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: I seek friends to share adventures and one younger man to share life. I ski (Sun Valley, Idaho), sail (Puget Sound), and travel. I'm 6'-1", 215#, 62, hairy, bearded, affectionate, and aggressive. If you want to know a man who has a good heart, let me hear from you. Photo/phone appreciated: Sam, Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096.

(V) SEATTLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 5'-10", 200#, gray flat-top, medium hairy, seeks 30-50 GM for LTR. Must be secure for possible relocation. Hairy a plus! Interests include: music, keyboards, ocean, traveling, art, movies, theater, plus! Your photo (will return) and phone number gets quick reply. Please write: David, 2101 N. 106th St. #B303, Seattle, WA 98133.

(V) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Cuddly black teddy bear, 69, 220#, 6 ft., seeks white teddy bear, 40+, for friendship, traveling companion. My interests include classical music, opera, theater, quiet evenings at home. Have been to Europe about 26 times, Down Under 4 times, around the world 84 days on a German freighter. Write: JACOB, Box 249, Cheney, WA 99004, or e-mail: pianist@gntech.net

(V) LOOKING IN PACIFIC NW: Looking for a compatible, clean, monogamous committed LTR with a younger man. I'm 66, 210#, 6 ft., white and balding. Love life and too many things to list. Am STD and HIV free, no smoke or drugs. Rarely drink. You be serious, responsible, clean, honest, compatible, no STD or HIV, monogamous. Not looking for sex first, not a sugar daddy. Willing to share life and dreams. Prefer only WA and OR. Have kids and grandkids here. Write: **SNOWMAN**

WISCONSIN

(V) ELKHORN: 60 year old, has partner who is 40. I am a race car driver, own a Honda CRX, belong to Midwestern Council of Motor Sports. Partner likes to meet people, nudism, giving massages. We are seeking friends in Wisconsin and Illinois. Please write to us: Dave & Mark, 302 West 4th Ave., Elkhorn, WI 53121.

(103) LOOKING FOR LTR: GWM, 47, 6'-5", 240#, single, living in Wisconsin, light brown hair, blue eyes, smooth-skinned, seeking older, masculine, gray and hairy. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 485, East Troy, WI 53120, or e-mail: bearswallower@webtv.net (The Horseman)

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(NOTE: Letters to coded advertisers in foreign countries will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

AUSTRALIA

(V) QUEENSLAND/AUSTRALIA: WM, 70s, 5'-8", 168#, clean-shaven, wide variety of interests, adaptable. Seeks mature guy, nonsmoker, social drinker, gym-fit, good sense of humour, honest, sincere, caring, mentally and financially stable, able to travel. Write: **OUTSPAN**

BELGIUM

(V) U.S./CANADA/EUROPE/AUSTRALIA: Affectionate and caring GWM, 51, 6'-1", well-built, hairy-chested, tactile, masculine, romantic, nonsmoker, social drinker, HIV negative, seeks loving, unattached and self-respectful gent over 65 for passionate long-term relationship and life together. Would relocate. Detailed letter and photo(s) essential. Stephen, Ronche 49, 6032 Charleroi, BELGIUM.

CANADA

(V) S.W. ONTARIO CANADA/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 40, single, 5'-11", 190#, blue eyes, dark hair, hairy body. I'm a sensual, romantic, caring person. My interests are golf, travel, nudism. I am seeking a masculine man, 50 to 65, in reasonably good shape, with the same interests for long-term relationship. Write: **ORION**

(V) CANADA--EAST COAST: Late 70s, 6 ft., 180#, 7" uncut, graying hair, clean-shaven, hairy, young attitude, clean, honest, sincere and sexy. Nonsmoker, nondrinker, HIV negative. Seek monogamous relationship of mutual love and caring with younger in-shape masculine guy. All safe sex, kissing, tit-play. Nice home, small university town. Great summer climate. Write: **C.B.J.**

(V) WESTERN CANADA/U.S./INTERNATIONAL: Single GWM, 56, 5'-11", 220#, HIV negative, hairy, dark brown hair, balding, mustache, horny, clean, healthy, easygoing, honest. Enjoy nudity, sunbathing, movies, travel, French A/P, kissing, cuddling, nipple play, lots of body contact. But no drugs or pain. Seeking masculine man, 50 plus, for friendship and more. Write: **KAMLOOPS**

(V) WESTERN CANADA PRIME TIMER: GWM, living in Central Alberta, 58, 6 ft., 250#, greyish brown hair, nonsmoker, social drinker, good shape (played pro sports). I am living alone in the country. Looking for an older male, 60 +. I would like to meet an honest person. Please write to: Doug, P.O. Box 646, Stettler, Alberta, Canada T0C 2L0, or e-mail: candoug@aol.com

ENGLAND

(V) GREAT BRITAIN: GWM, 31, 5'-11", slim, dark hair and eyes, seeks 50-80+, UK/USA or anywhere for friendship and occasional get-togethers. I enjoy cinema, music, laser discs, DVDs, eating out, and travelling. Your recent photo will prompt an immediate response. Write: **SHERWOOD**

(101) ENGLAND: GWM, 65+, 5'-4", 150#, fit, varied interests, would like contacts, pen pals, age 65+, max 180#. Good recent photo gets mine. All replies answered. Write: **LOLLIPOP**

(V) INTERNATIONAL: Black African gay male, 31, HIV negative and drug-free. I'm 5'-10" in height, 12 stones weight, and well built. My interests include visits to the theatre, opera, old church buildings and cinema. The ideal soul mate or lover I'm seeking is as follows: educated, very mature 60 years old plus for one-to-one relationship. You must be clean shaven, well-groomed, light social drinker and cultured. Your telephone

number, photograph which will be returned and e-mail address secures mine and quick correspondence. Write: **KLIMBRID**

FRANCE

(V) NICE, FRANCE: GBM, 58, 1.65 m, 70 kg, cut, mustache, HIV negative, Greek active, French active, nonsmoker, no drugs, light drinker, frank, honest, affectionate, congenial, unattached. Enjoy travel, photos, naturism, nude beaches, music (Blues, Gospel, Mozart), theater, making love, eating out, kissing. Looking for gentlemen, 60 to 80, Northern CA, Southern CA, or Florida, white hair or balding, very hairy, uncut, average build, distinguished, congenial, healthy, Greek passive/active, French active for relationship and more. Nude photo appreciated. Will reply to all. Write: **EROS**

(V) PARIS: GWM, 59, 5'-8", 152#, red and graying, retired, French A/P, enjoys travel, music, cooking, eating, sensitive tits, all things oral, butts, raunch (?), and surprises of any age, shape, color, or condition that are fun. I hate 19th Century opera, pain, manufactured perfumes, fanatics, and drag, but otherwise I am open to all kinds of propositions. So, if you like to laugh, try your favorite fetish with me. Please write legibly in English, French, Portuguese, Spanish or simple German. **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**

GERMANY

(V) NORTH GERMANY: Teddybear, 55, 170 cm, 95 kg, uncut, with belly, beard and sensitive nipples, seeks a teddybear, 50-75, with a big belly for pen-pal, friendship and (when retired) long relationship. Love to cuddle, kiss and have hot man sex. Enjoy traveling to Australia and USA, flea markets, GMW motor bikes, leather, and homemade S/M. Write: **POLICEBEAR**

ITALY

(V) ITALY: 28 y/o Italian man, good looking, serious, likeable and very religious. Looking for a mature priest or friar for a serious friendship and more. I'm sensitive, good natured. I want to share my spiritual life with these persons from any religion. I don't exclude sex. Write: **HANDSOME**, or e-mail Eurobuddy@hotmail.com

[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. If you have sent solicited photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and copy us. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for.]

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS

(those with BOLD code names at the end of the ad and no address)

>> Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. Your return address must be shown on your letter to be forwarded. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, enclose one international reply coupon for every letter . Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

>> IN PENCIL ONLY, lightly write the code word in the center of the envelope.

>> Enclose $1 cash (or equivalent currency) for each letter.

>> Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS

(SAME AS ABOVE)

NOTE: CR VIPS GET FREE ADS!

IF YOU ARE A CR SUBSCRIBER AND YOUR MAILING LABEL HAS A CODE THAT INCLUDES A V OR HIGHER—OR, IF YOU HAVE SPENT OVER $200 FOR GATHERING REGISTRATIONS AND/OR OTHER MERCHANDISE OVER THE PAST FIVE YEARS—YOU ARE ENTITLED TO A FREE AD (50 WORDS OR LESS) IN EACH ISSUE UNTIL YOU TELL US TO STOP. IF YOU HAVE RENEWED OR SUBSCRIBED AT THE NEW $44 RATE, YOU HAVE A FREE ONE-YEAR AD COMING TO YOU.

PLEASE READ THIS:

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

ALL ABOUT CR

CR Magazine is published quarterly by Pat and Bruce, 61 and 80 respectively, with part-time help from time to time. The magazine is an all-consuming labor of love, so we prefer not to deal with difficult people. We absolutely reserve the right to deal only with nice guys. On the other hand, we do welcome constructive criticism, provided it is offered in a civil manner. Because we are forced to operate by triage, we respectfully ask our readers to be tolerant of the inevitable delays, screwups and miscommunications. If we err with your subscription or order, please contact us and we will more than make it up to you.

New to CR? Here are answers to some often asked questions:

We used to publish a magazine called SWAN in the beginning, but an obscure lesbian newsletter called THE SWAN forced us to change the name. We then published as CHIRON RISING for 13 years until the magazine's corporate owner fell into a legal mine field. But from the ashes of CHIRON RISING has risen a new magazine called simply CR. It is solely owned by yours truly, Patrick H. Colley.

CR models and writers want to hear from you. Follow the instructions at the end of THE CONTACT NETWORK.

The code on your address label indicates the number of your last subscription issue. We will include a reminder note inside the front cover, so don't miss it. A "V" means you're a cool, established customer eligible for unlimited free ads. A V2 or V3 entitles you to private favors and a LOT of pampering—within the realm of mutual civility, of course. These codes are based on total products and services purchased, not length of time with CR. A numeric code indicates that you have a credit balance for that amount.

If you would like to become a CR model, follow the instructions in BE A CR MODEL AND CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

We deeply regret that our issues do not distribute like clockwork. We do post a message with an estimated distribution date of the current issue, and that message can be heard by dialing toll-free: (888) 227-2935. Please do not inquire about an issue's status by calling our (760) number or by e-mail. We cannot field such a flood of inquiries.

Estimated publish dates: CR 101, 12/15/01, CR 102, 3/1/02, etc.

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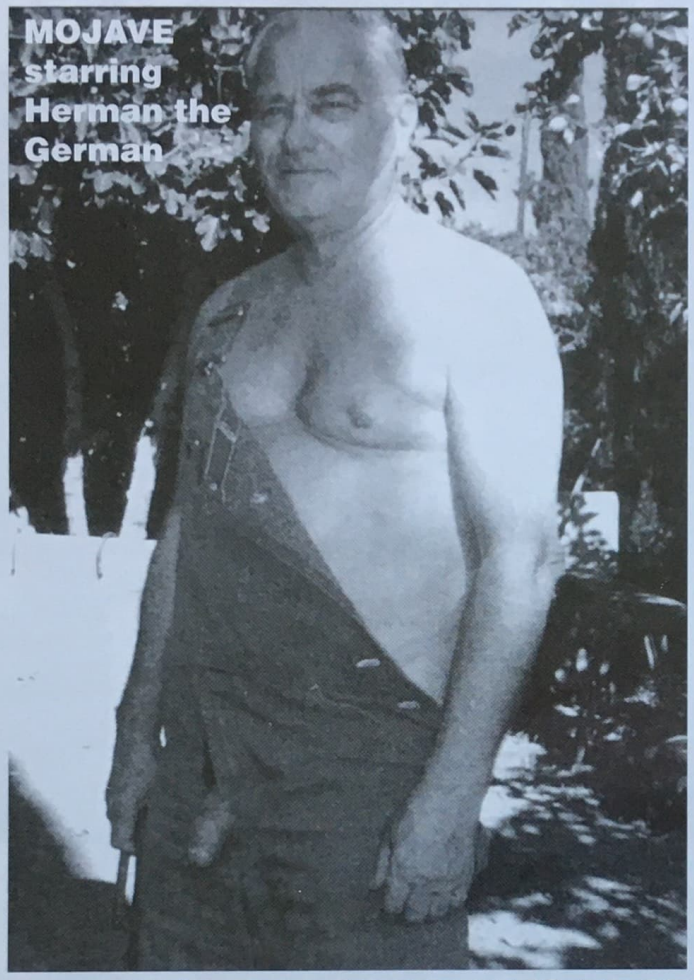
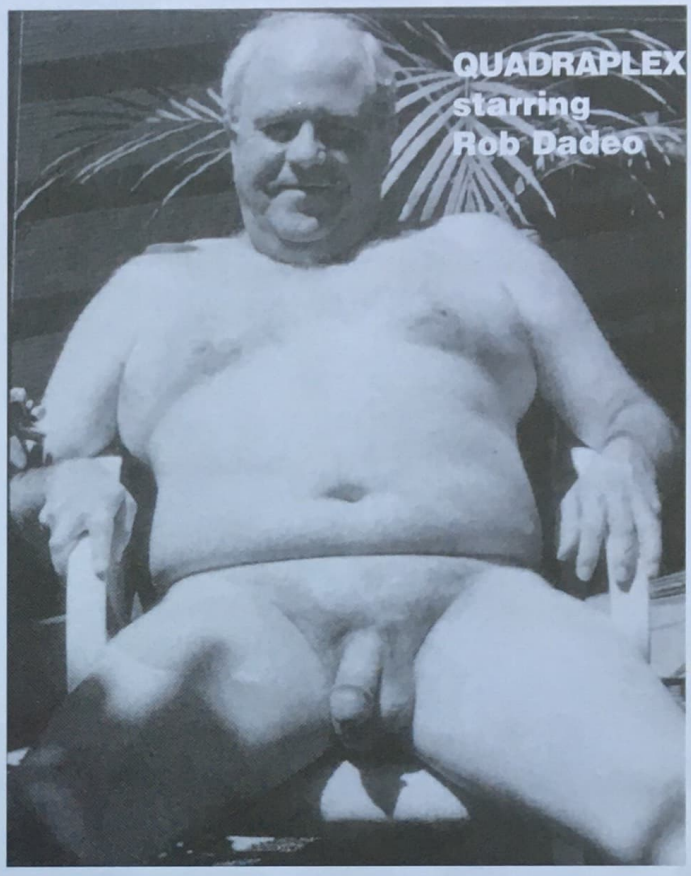


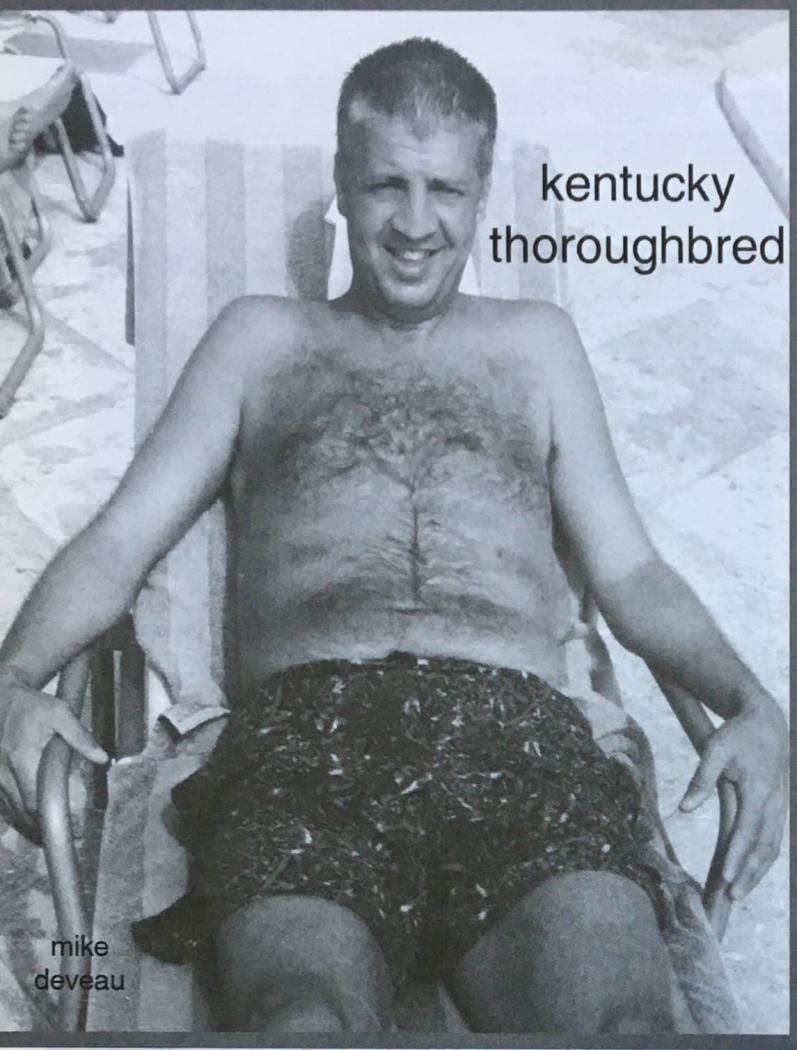


CR'S RED COCONUTS PRODUCTIONS - DVD ORDER FORM

COMBO MOJAVE/QUADRAPLEX - DVD - 120 minutes - $47.00
(includes shipping and handling worldwide; CA sales tax on us)
PAY METHOD: Check___ M/Or___ VISA___ MC___ AMEX___ DISCOVER____
Credit Card # _____Expiration _____
Signature (the signing of this form authorizes the above charges):
_____
Your credit card billing zip code for verification only:_____

If not paying with credit card, enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas-no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CR. SEND CASH AT YOUR OWN RISK. Mail to CR., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____
COUNTRY (If other than U.S.A.): _____
I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on _____.
Signature: _____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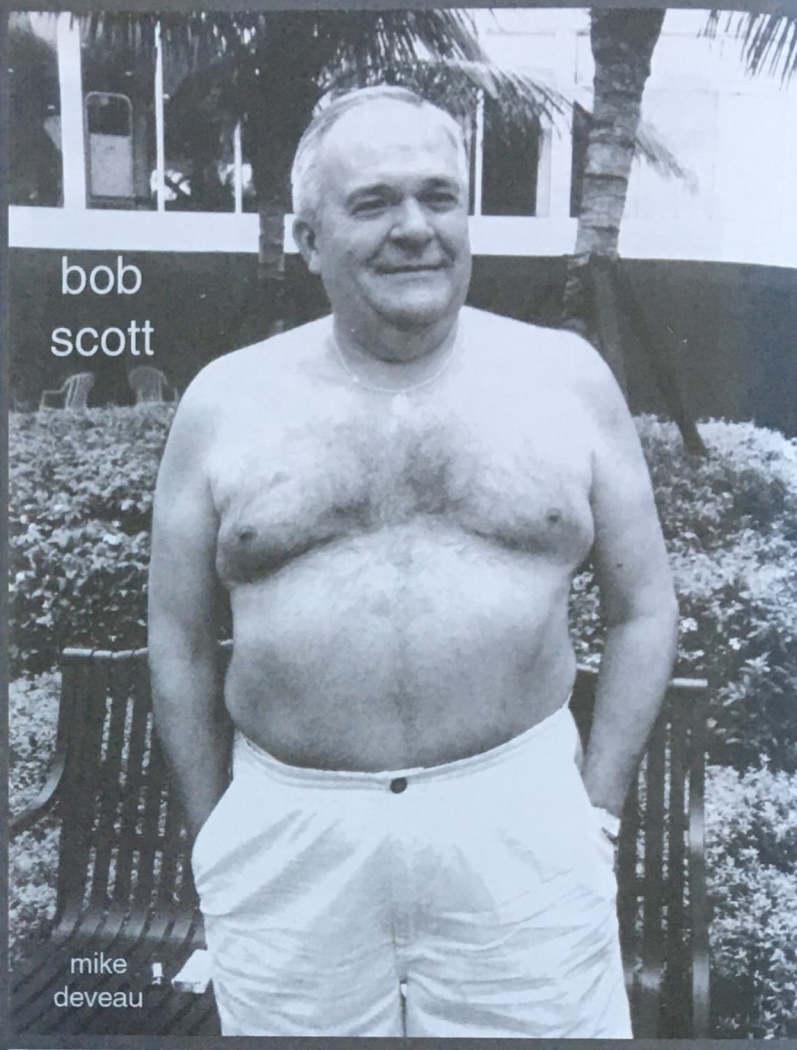
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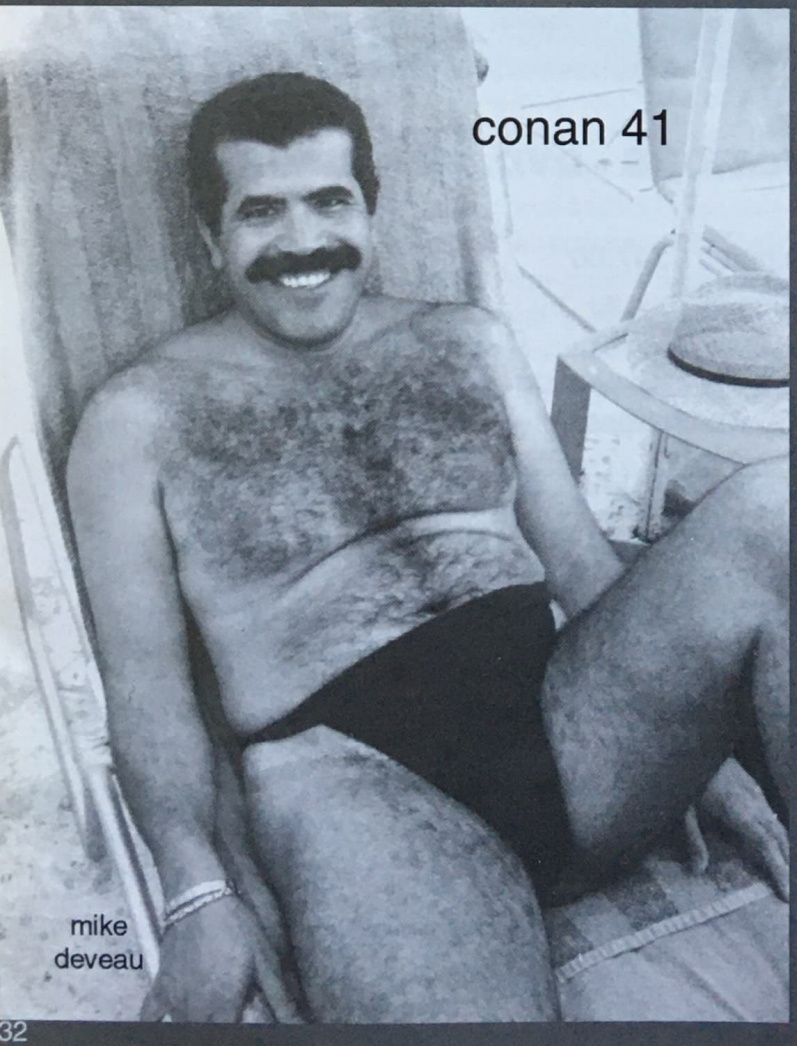
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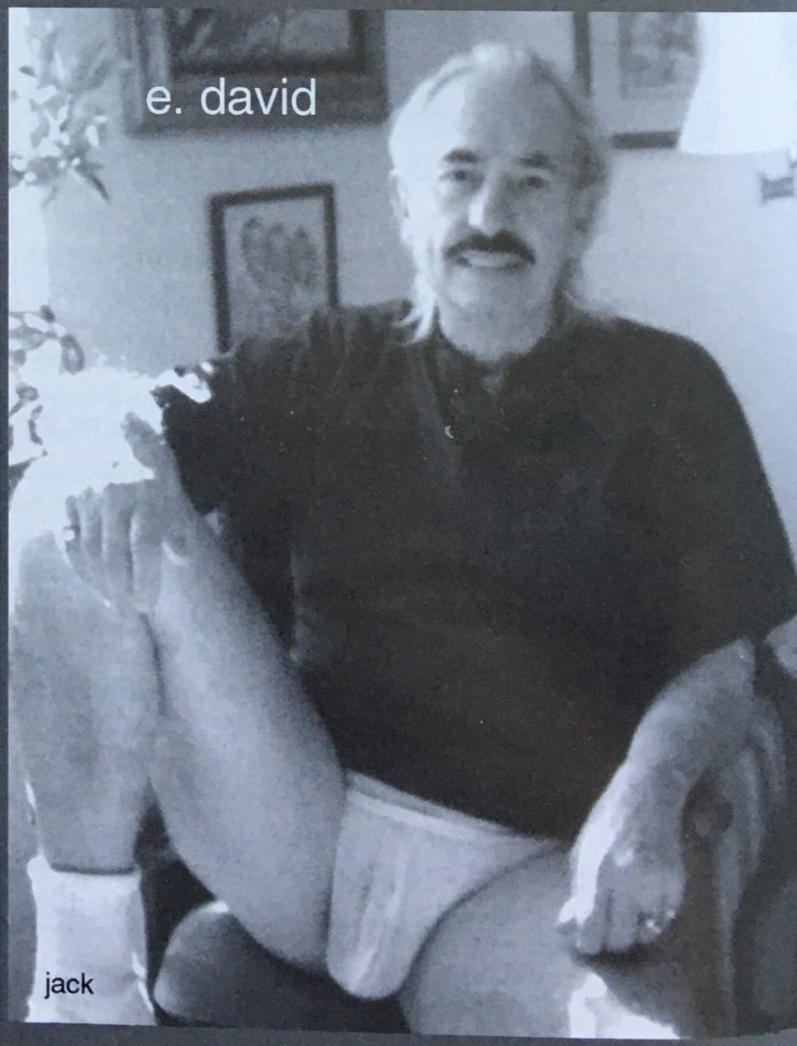
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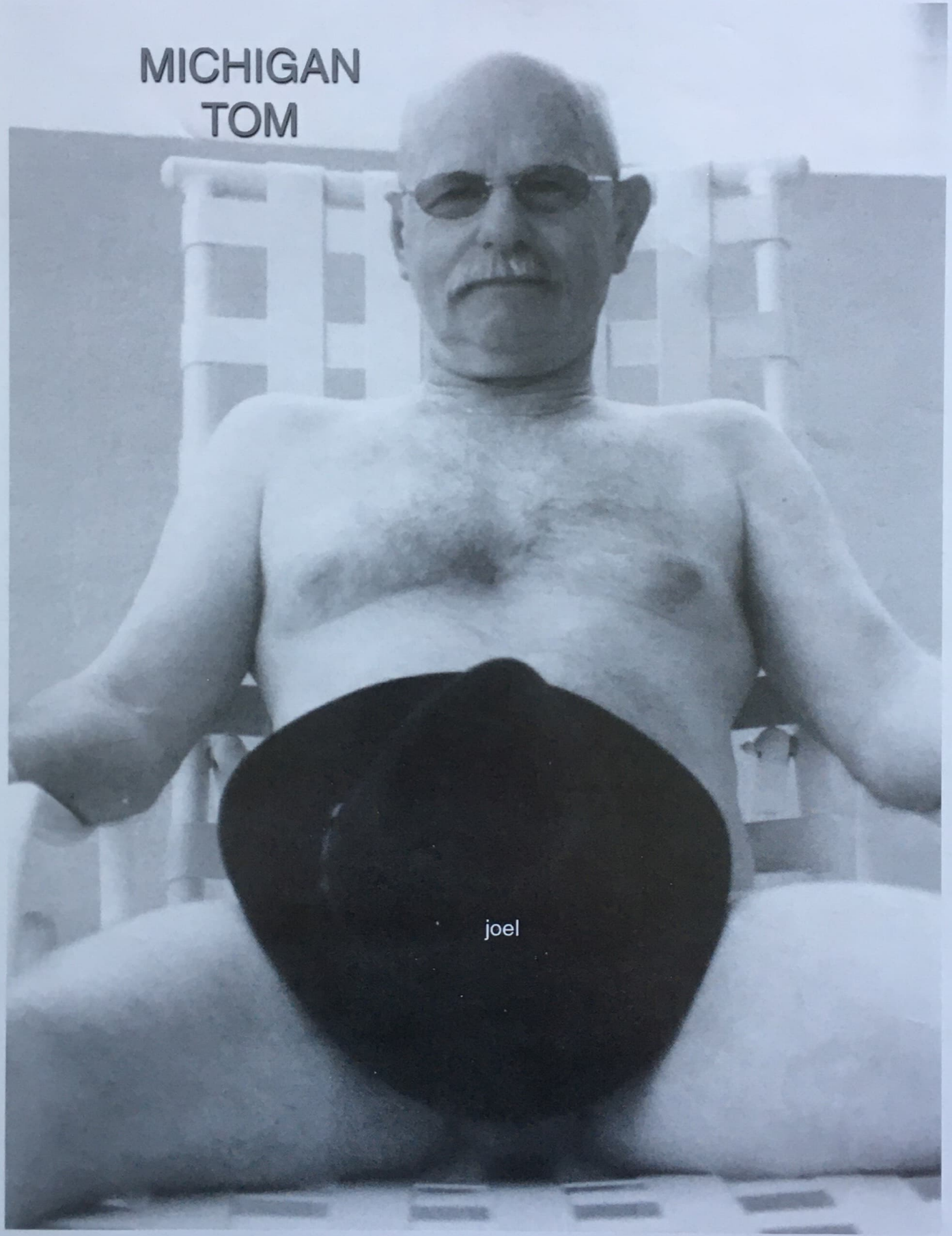

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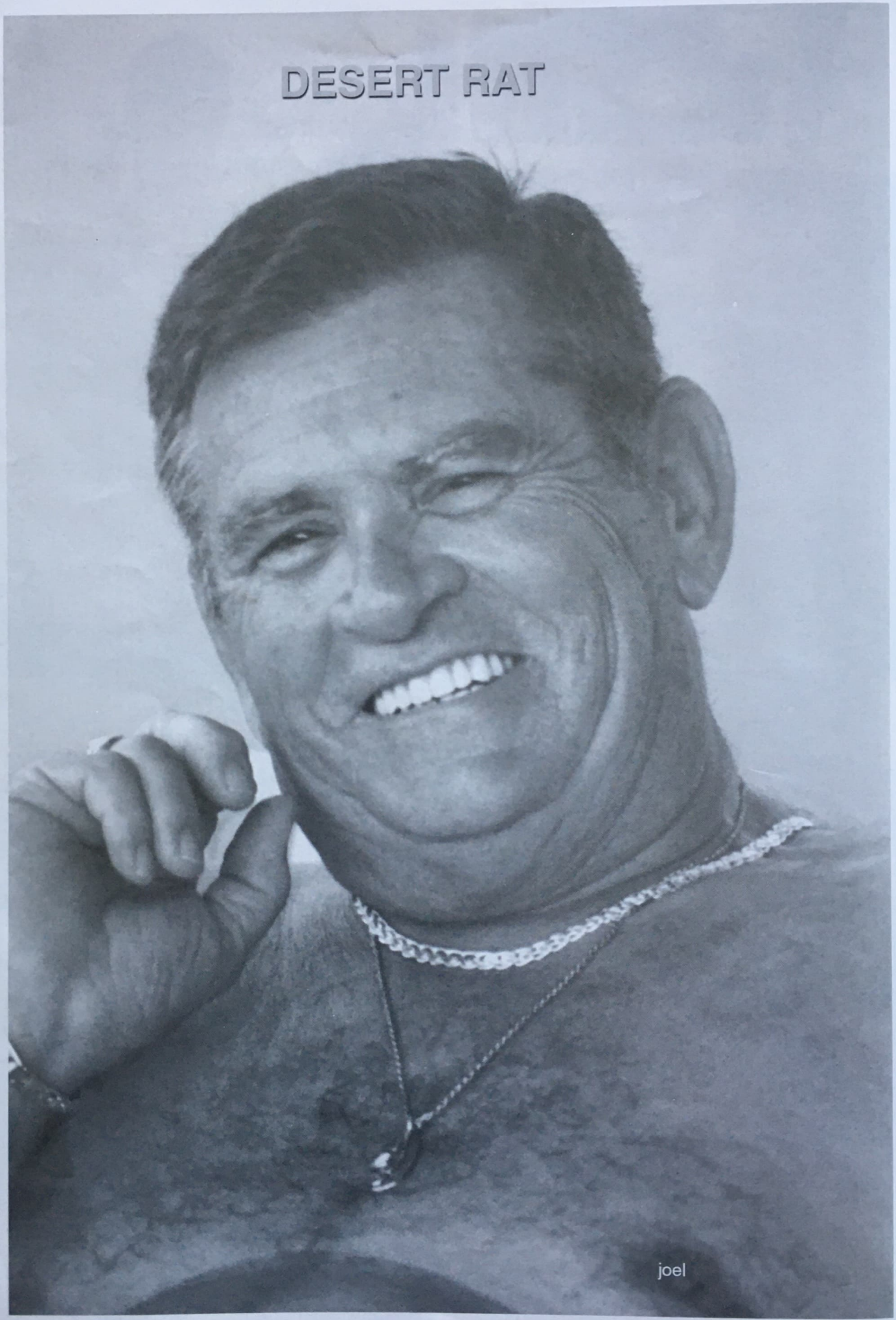

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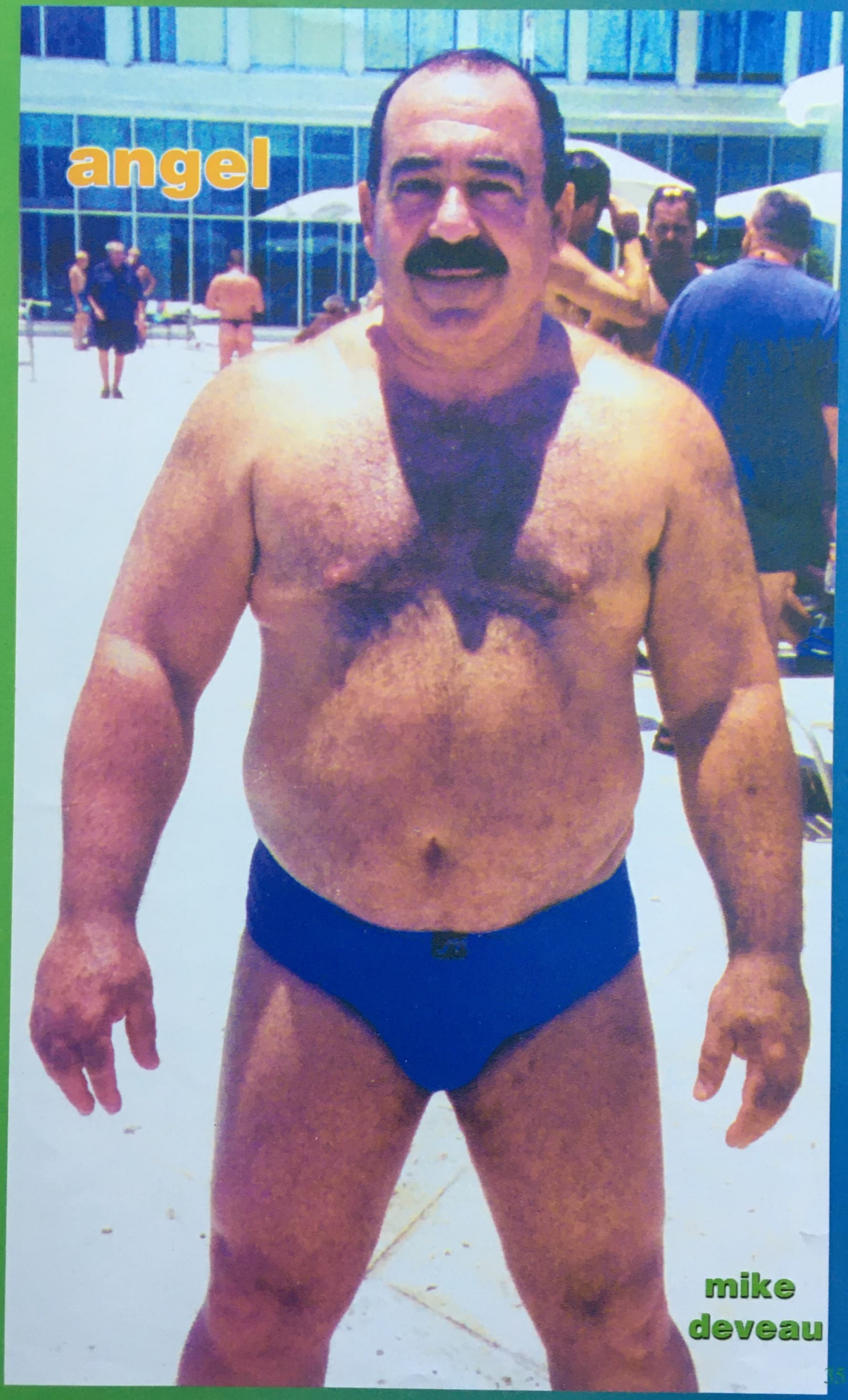
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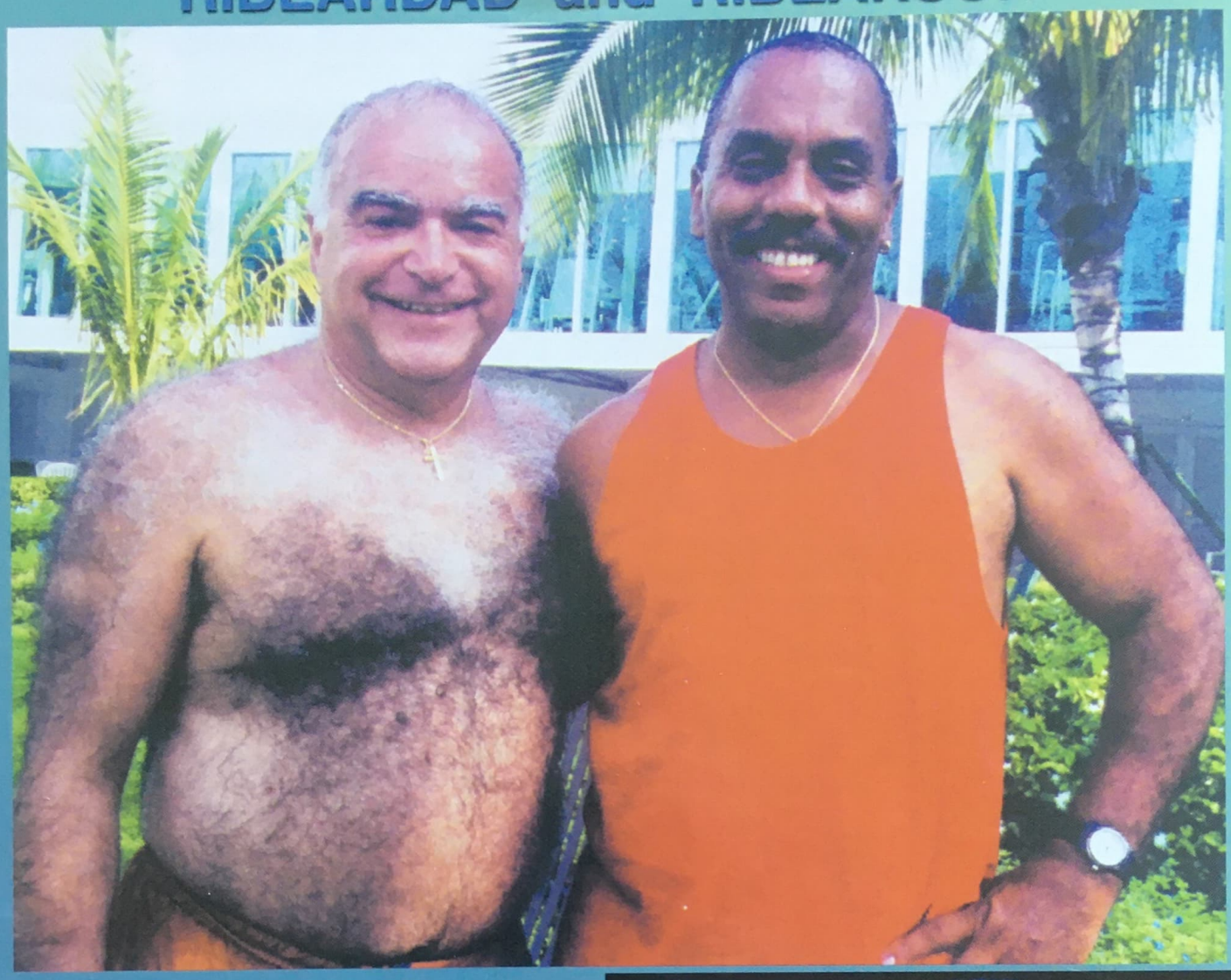

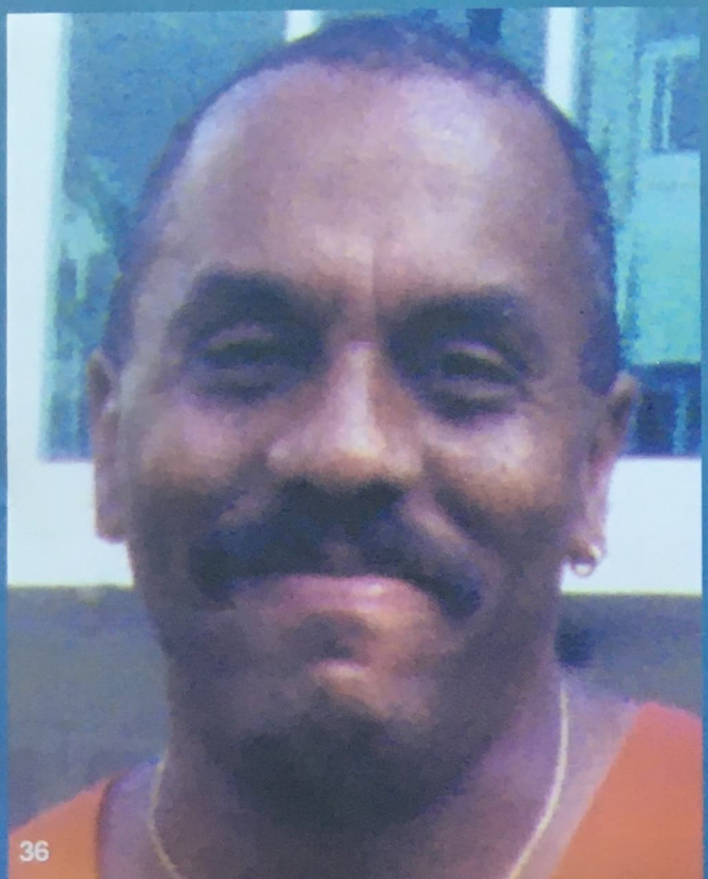

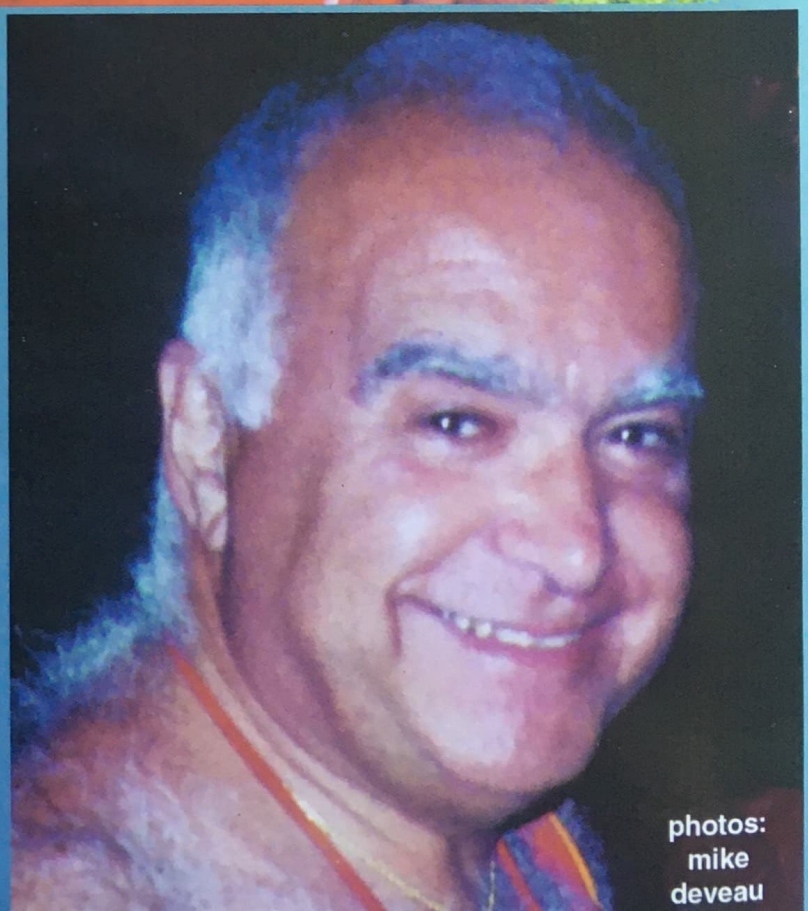

photos:
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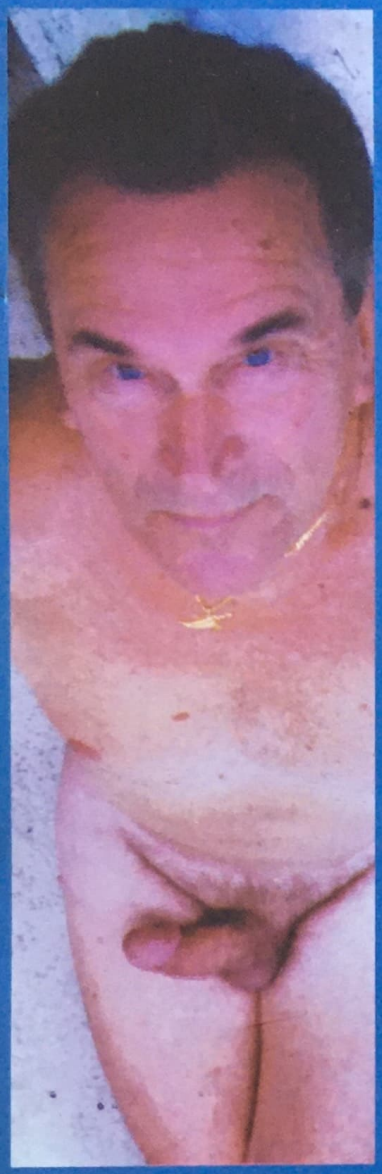
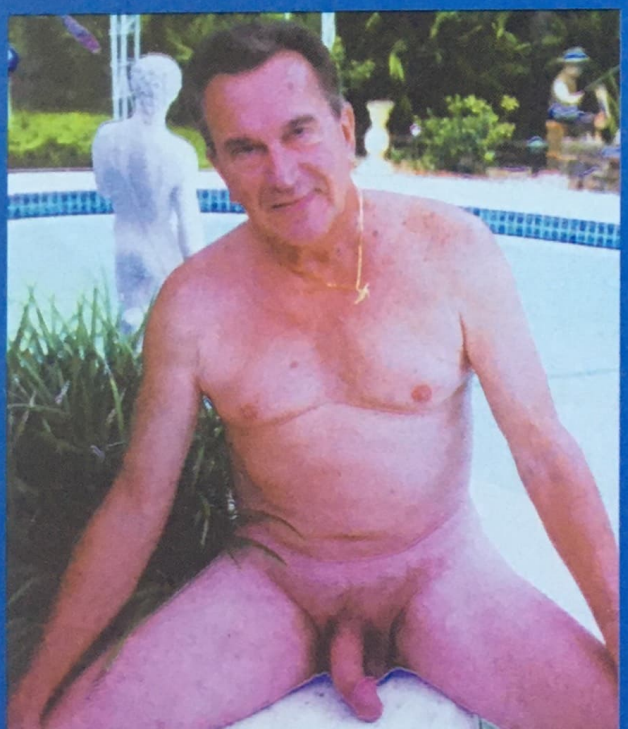
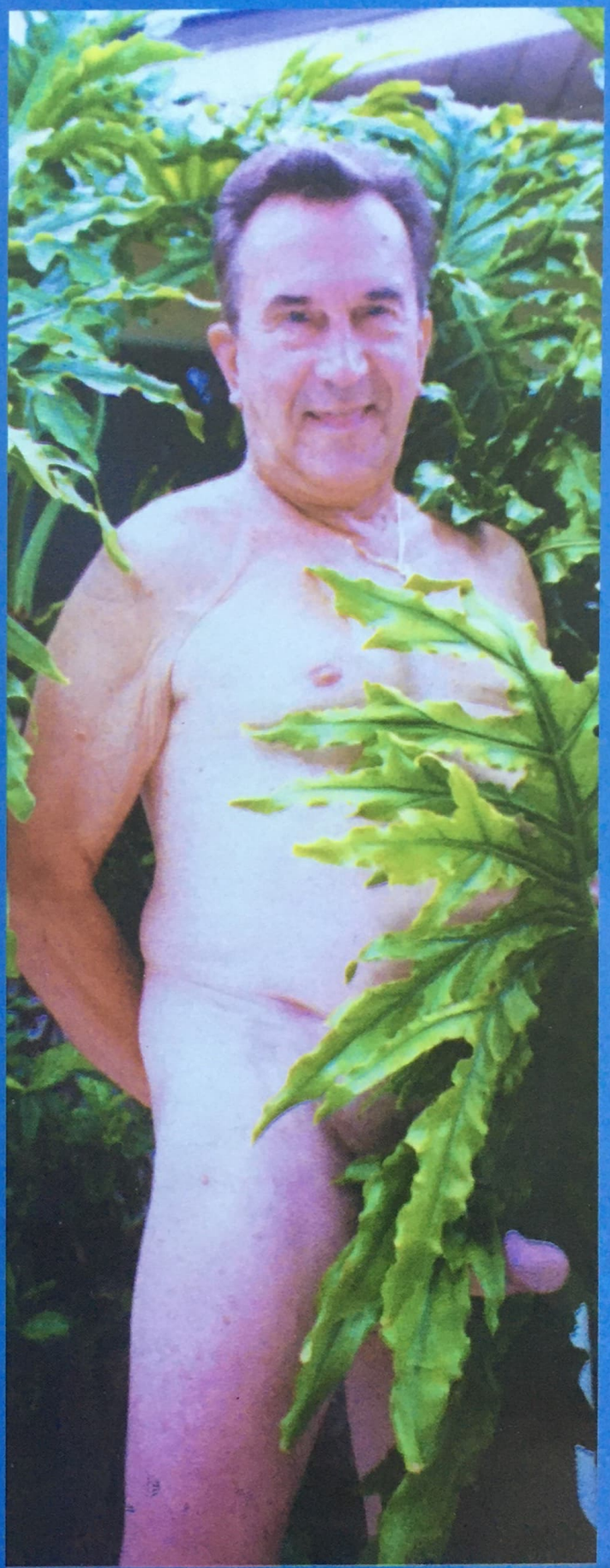
deveau

FRAN







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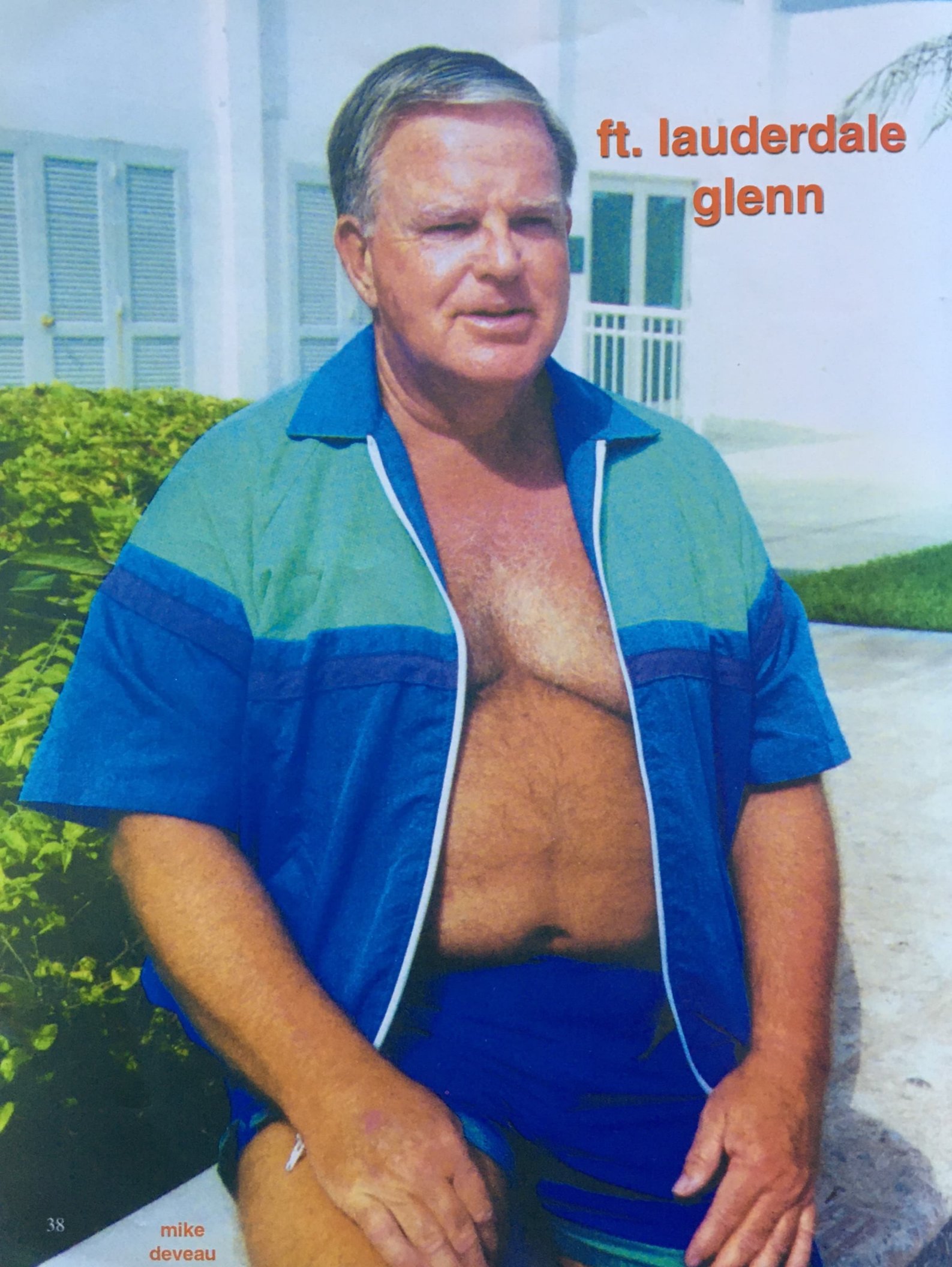

ft. lauderdale glenn

mike deveau

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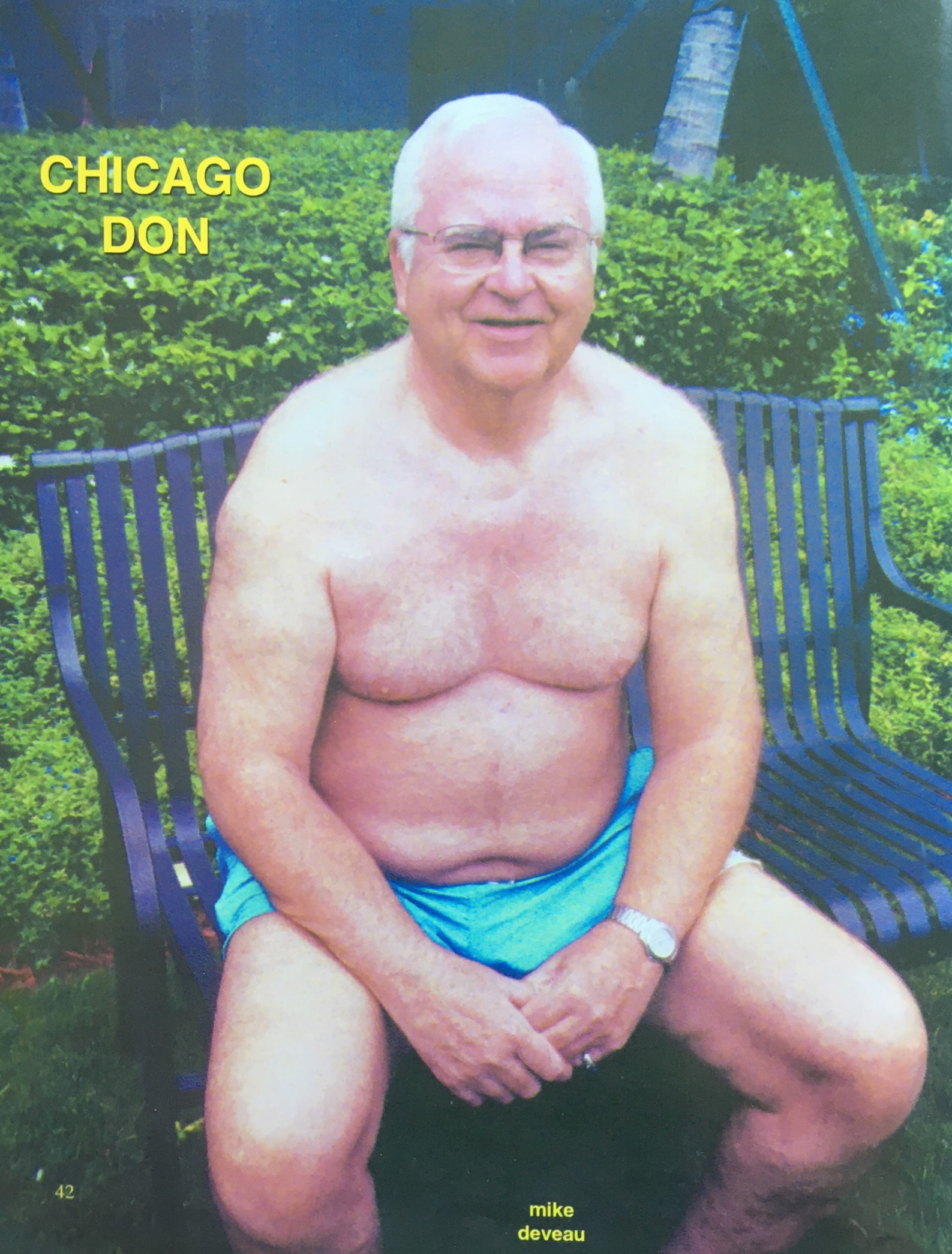

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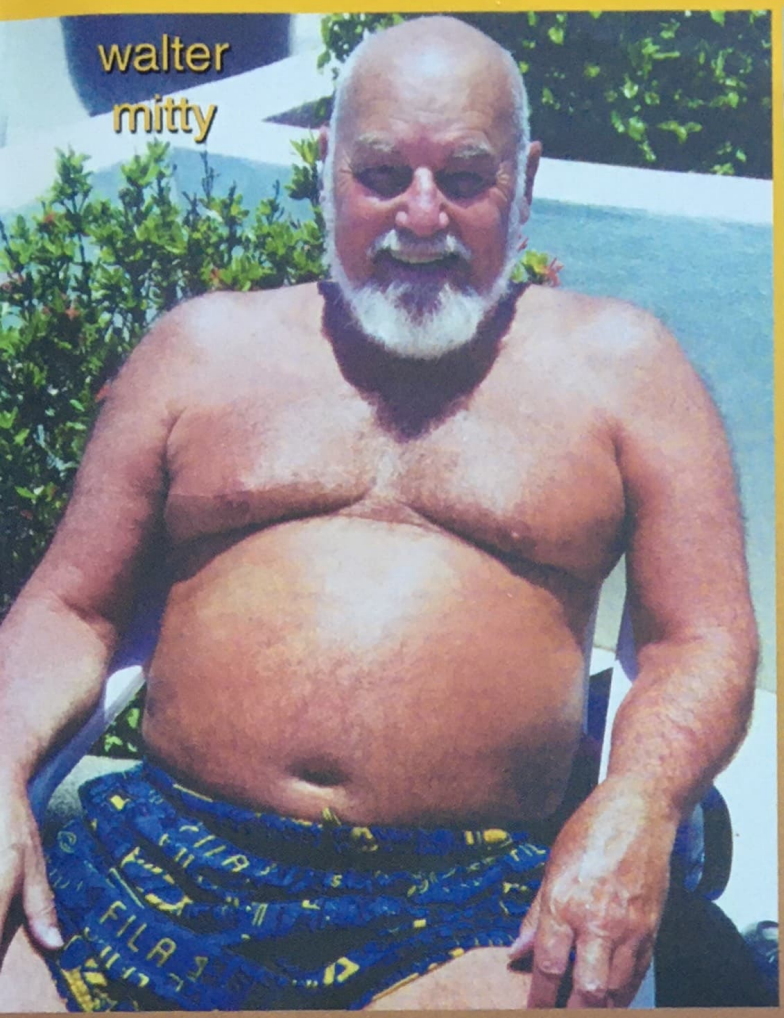
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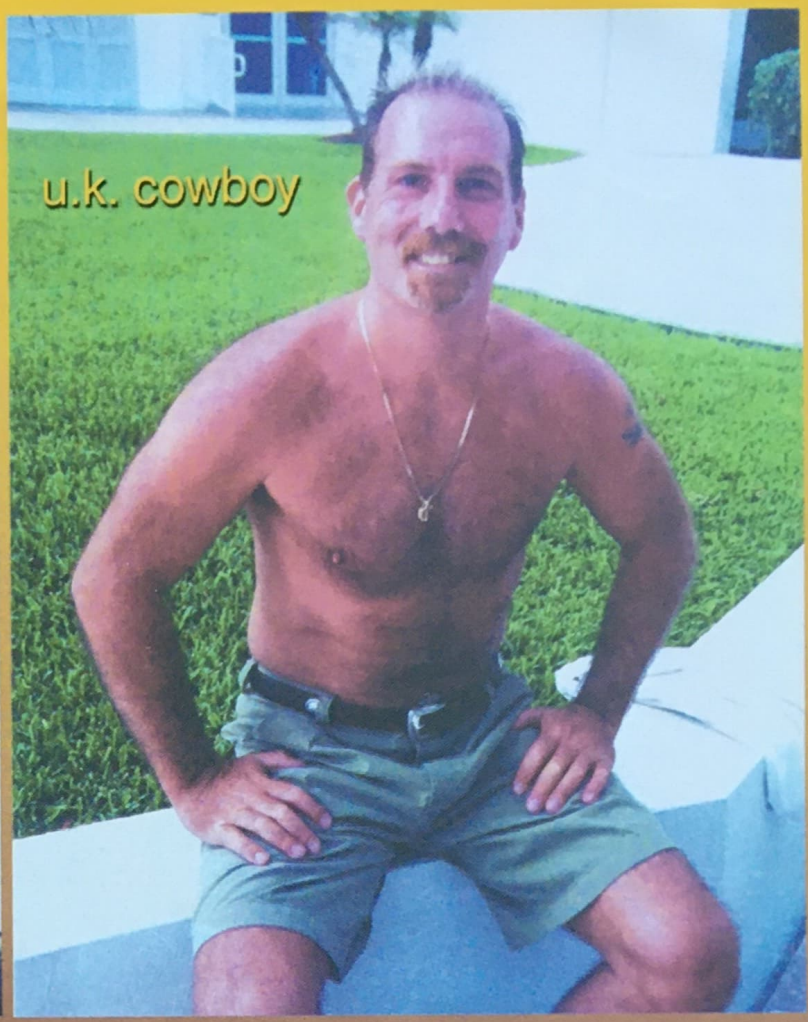
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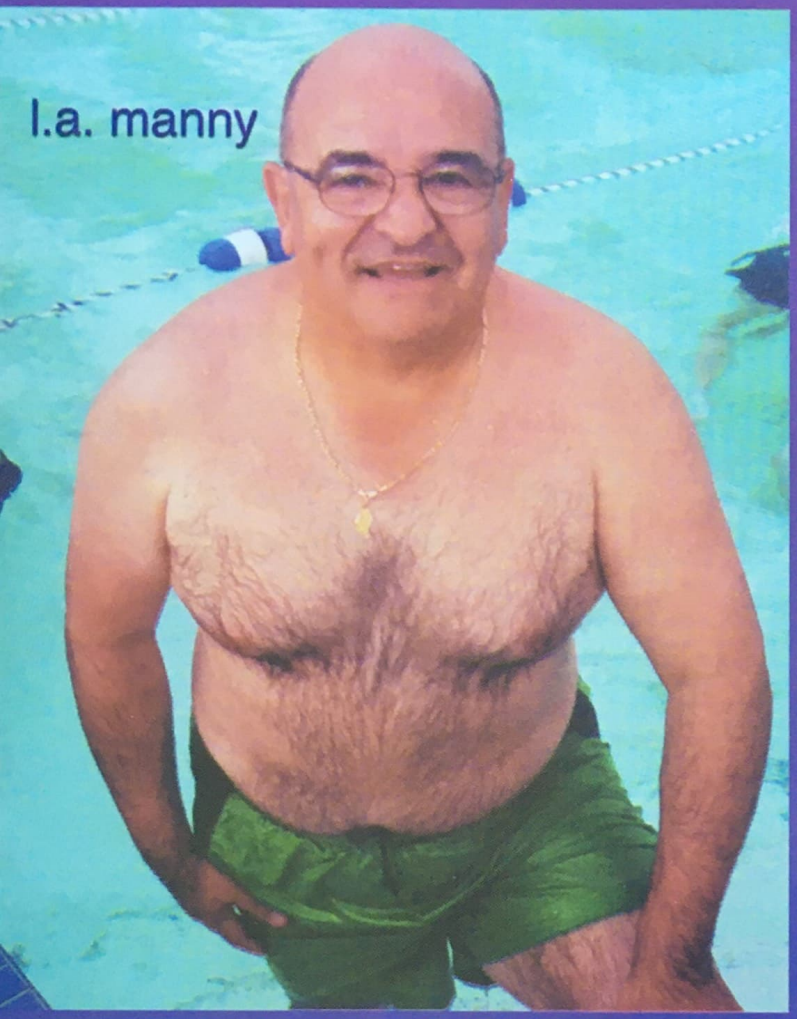

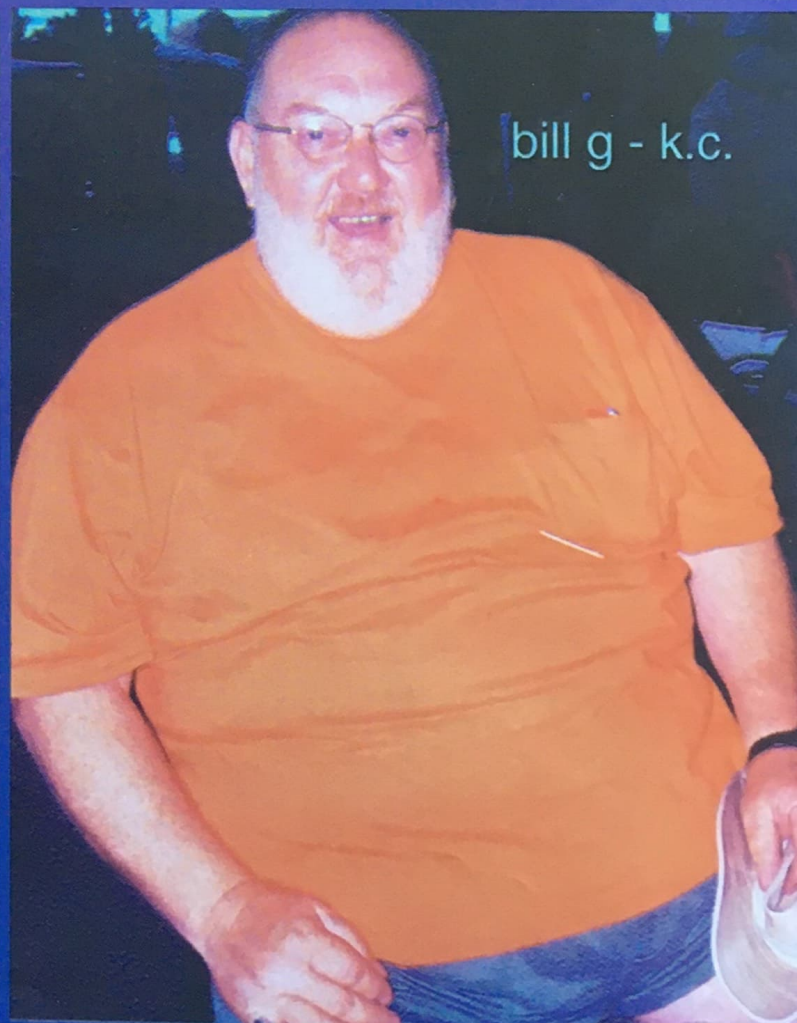

photos by mike deveau

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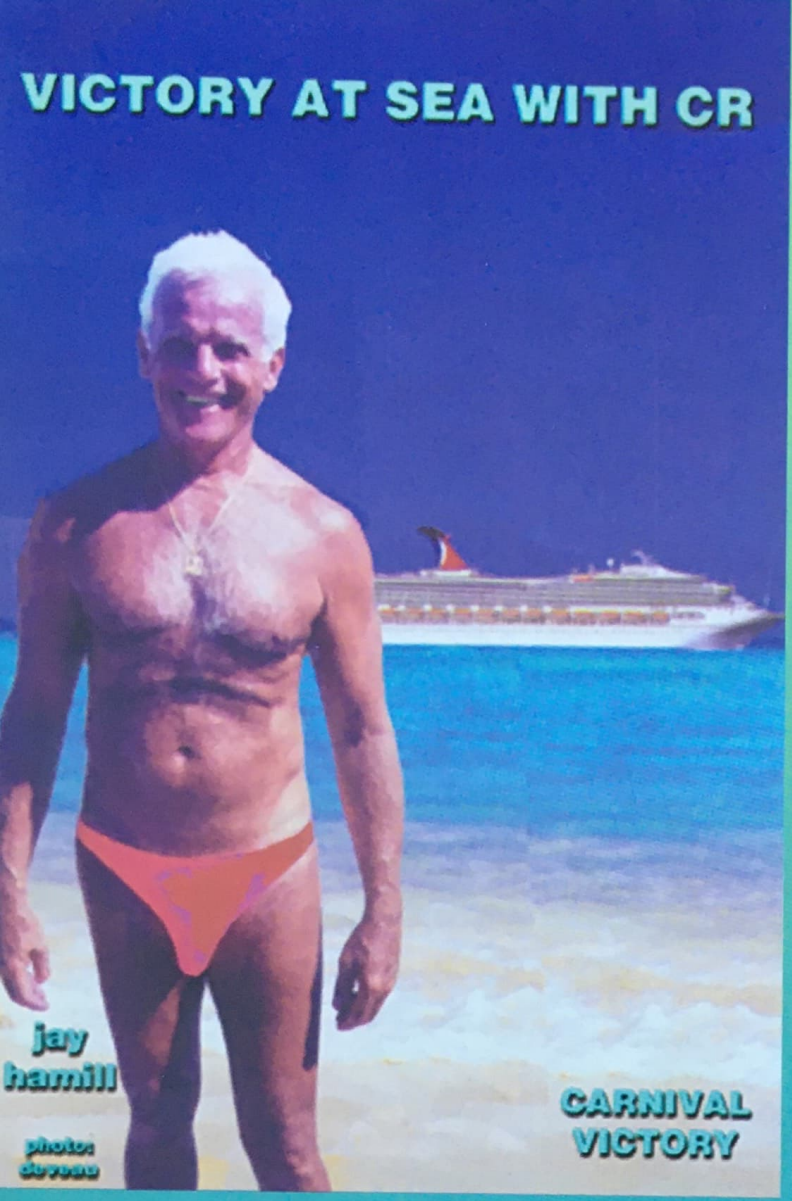

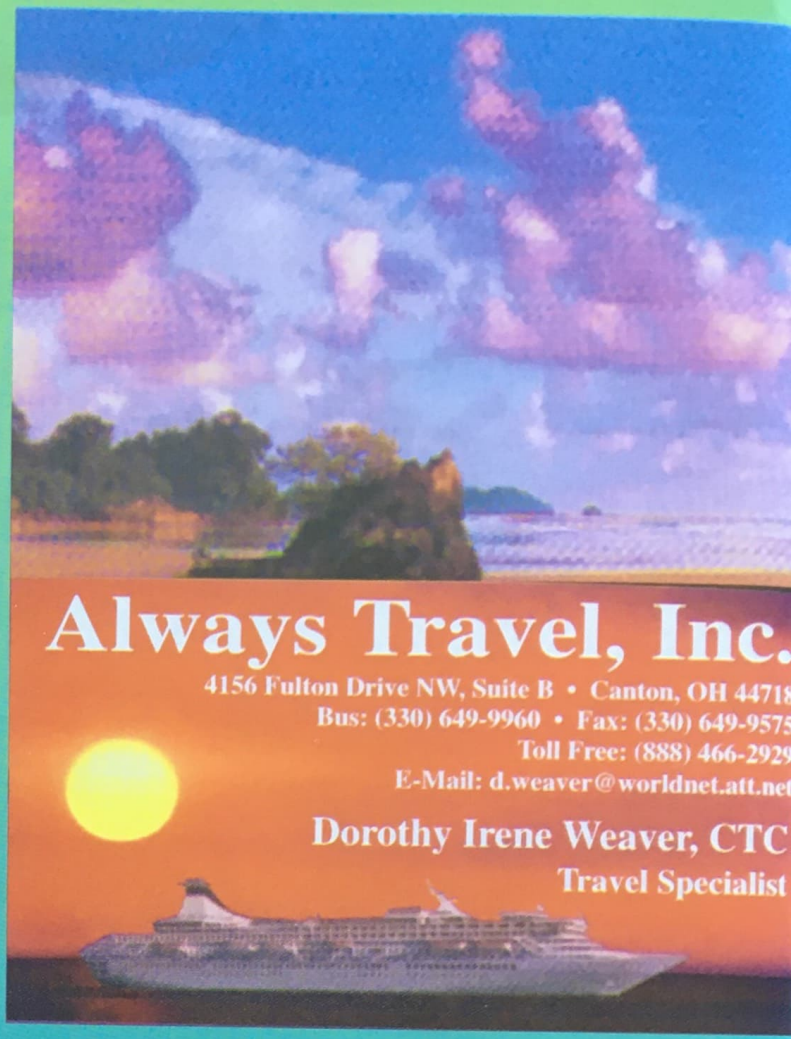
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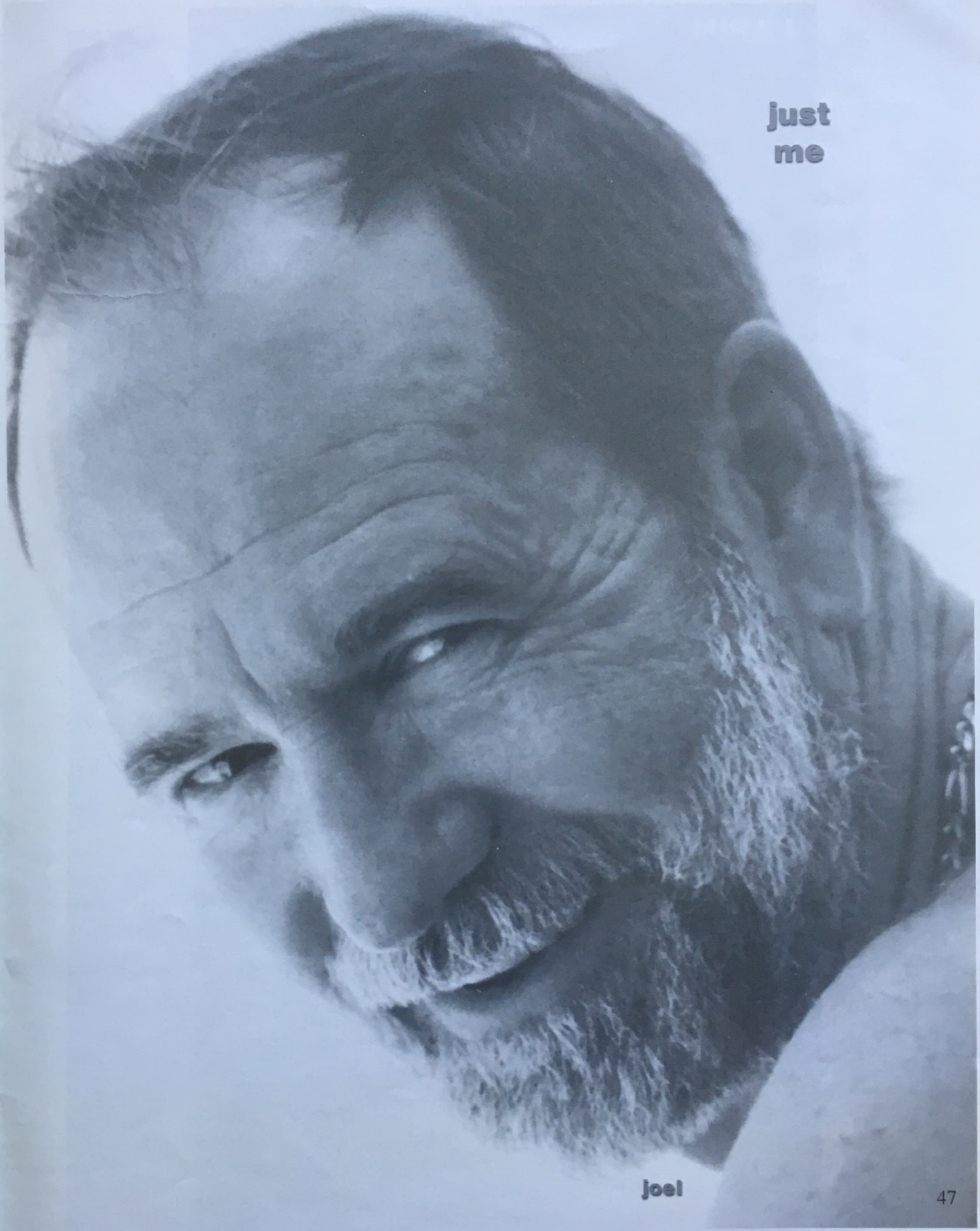
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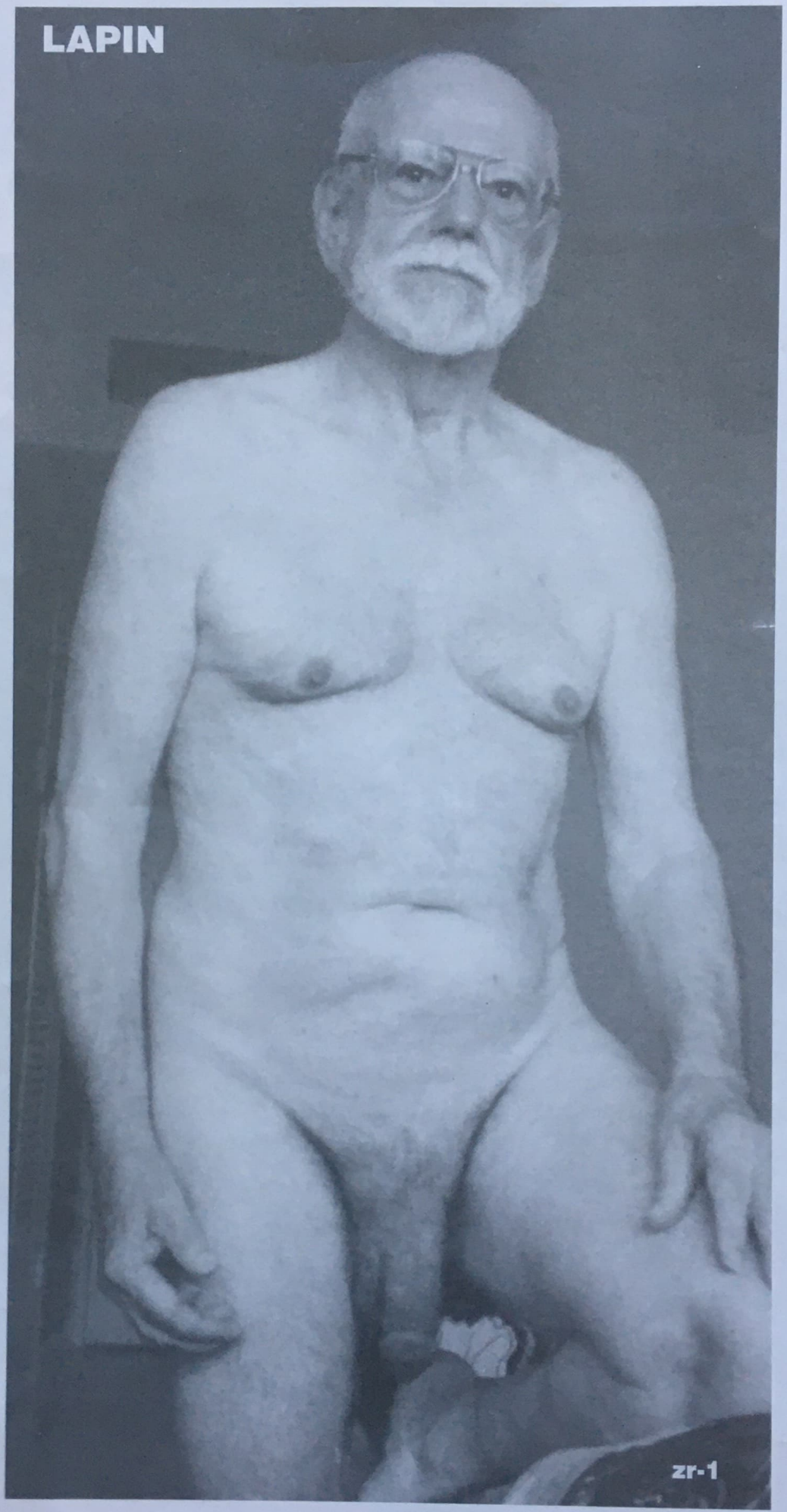
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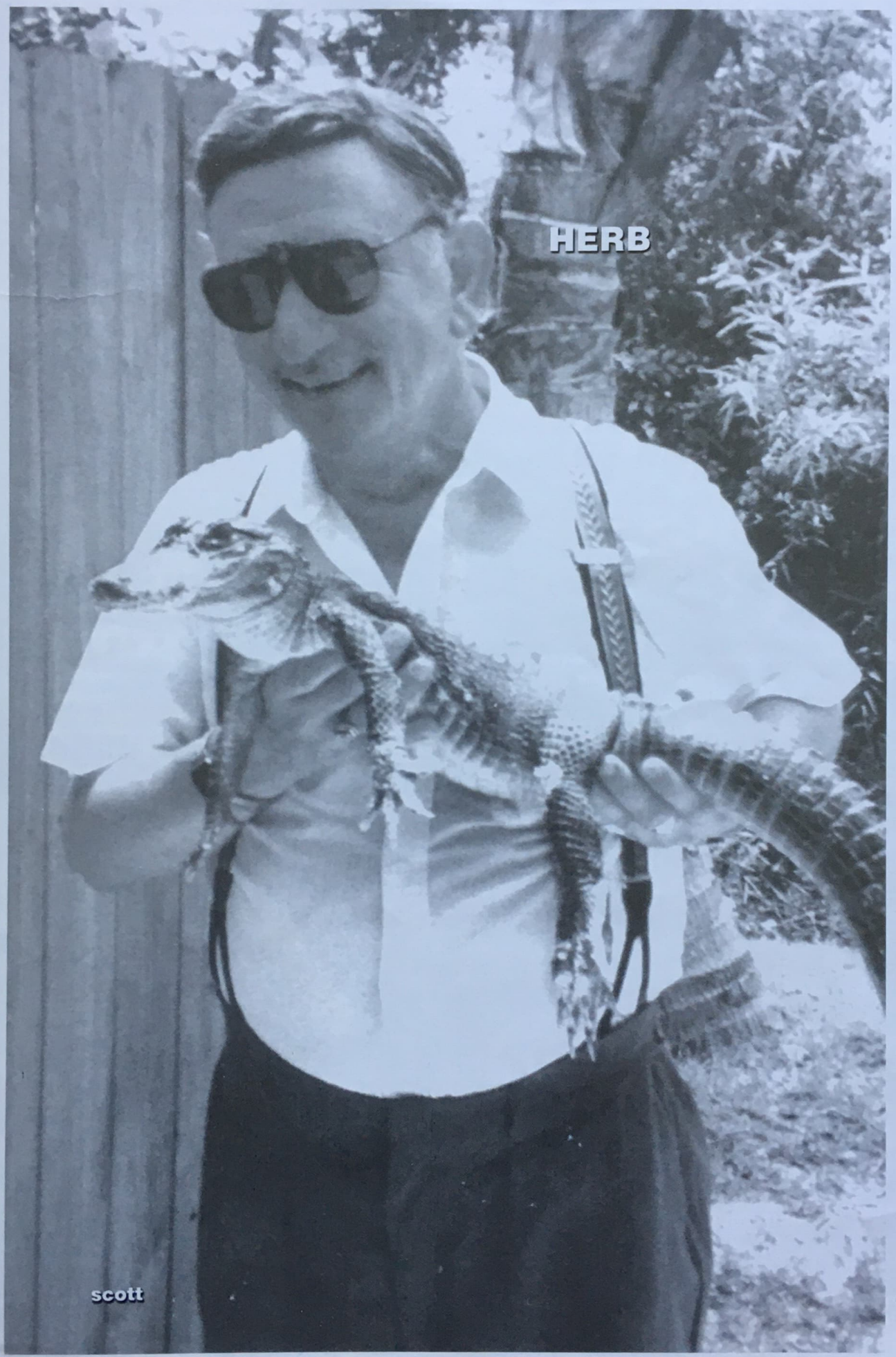
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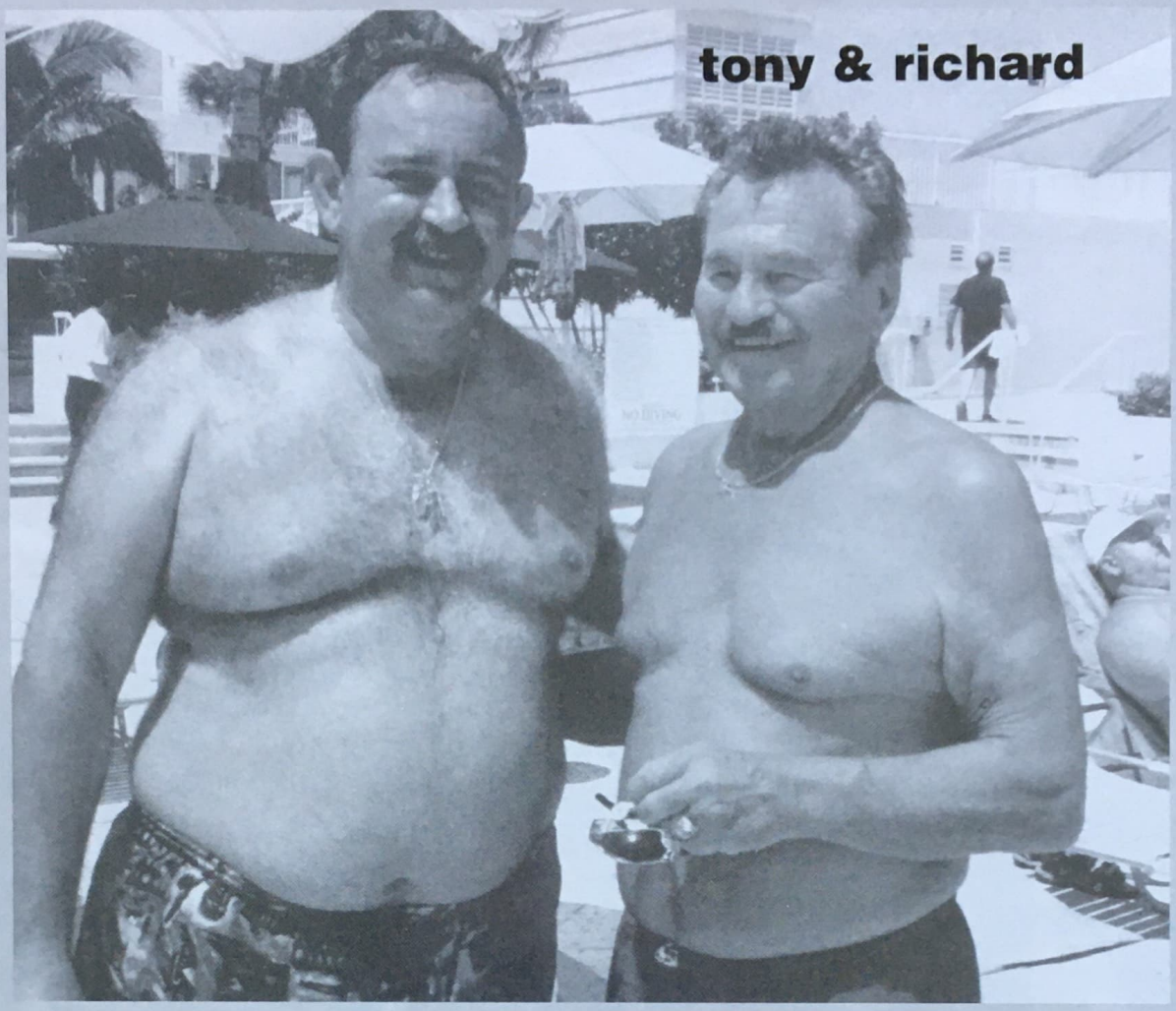

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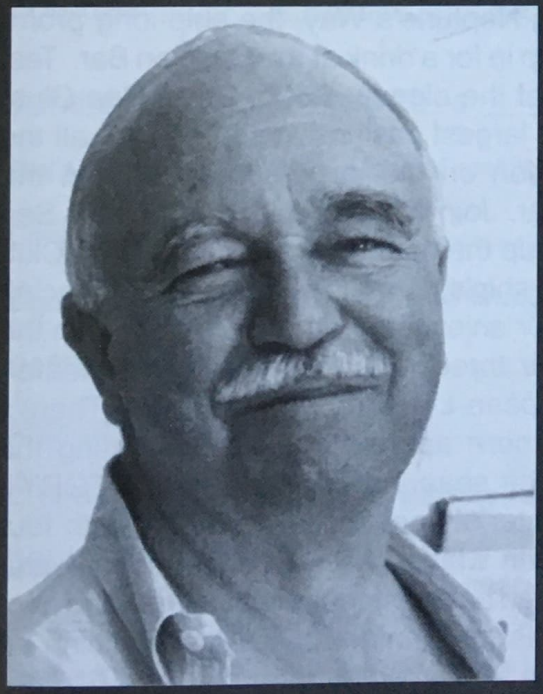

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Multi-Million Dollar Producer

SALVAGE

Fiction by P.H. COLLEY

November 10, 2000 - Laguna Beach, California

A freak breaker rolled through Warren's romantic reverie, almost washing him off the boulder. The harbinger of high tide made him wonder just how long he'd been there contemplating suicide.

"Not today, Max," he whispered to himself, jumping onto the wet, foam-covered sand.

By the time he'd reached his condo complex just a quarter-mile away, Warren was exhausted and forlorned. A cry was frozen in his throat, and his eyes hurt from the pressure of pent-up tears. Reaching the stairway to his unit, a flood of tears finally cascaded from his eyes, and the cry came out as a deep groan as he struggled up the stairs.

He walked out on his balcony and scanned the ocean. Less than six months ago, he had stood in the same spot and felt happier than at any other time in his life. He and Max had just returned from a Greek Islands cruise, and the house sitter had left. Gonzo, their 8-year-old golden retriever was beside himself with joy over the reunion.

Warren moaned as agonizing memories resurfaced: Gonzo, going limp after the injection. Warren and Max, cursing themselves for watching Gonzo's euthanasia. Warren and Max, forever wondering if Gonzo could have lived another few months. But that was only the first loss of the year.

In February, just 17 days after Gonzo was put down, Max was diagnosed with a particularly aggressive pancreatic cancer. On June 7th, he died in bed in Warren's arms.

Warren walked into the kitchen to pour himself another cup of coffee. He looked at a calender and saw that it was November 10, 2000--five months had passed. It was time to end it or move on.

Returning home after having had breakfast in a predominantly gay restaurant in Laguna Beach, he pulled out a napkin with a website address he'd written down. He could still hear the overheard conversation: "It's intergenerational--you know, for old fat guys and admirers. That kind of shit."

He sat at Max's beloved computer station and got on-line, something he had rarely done. Except for doing research on pancreatic cancer and checking air fares on flights he couldn't get himself to take, he rarely used the machine like Max had. He had never even used their joint e-mail account.

The site came up on his screen, and he clicked further into it. There were buttons for older men who sought younger, younger who sought older, and older who sought older. There were super heavyweights and jockey-types, and men of every ethnicity. But there was something the site lacked: anyone who attracted him. Image after image, bio after bio . . . nothing. And just as he was about to sign off, the image of a man about 60 emerged. Something about the man's smile drew him to read his bio. The man was looking for a masculine man, 35-45, quiet, old-fashioned, clean-cut and stocky.

Warren typed a reply:

"Was attracted to your pic. I'm not your type, but I identify with you. We have the same type, apparently. Just lost my partner a few months ago, so don't know dipshit about how to cruise on the internet. Any pointers? If I can figure out how to attach a pic of myself, I'll send one with this message."

That night, Warren couldn't sleep, so he got up and checked his e-mail. He had a message from the 60-year-old:

"Hi, Warren. Thanks for your note and photo. My condolences for your loss. If you were a little younger, I would be banging on your door. I have a good friend who lost his lover to heart disease. I don't think he will ever recover. My heart goes out to you. Yep, looks like we have the same type. Did you try the younger-seeking-older section? Have also included some hyperlinks to other sites you might want to try. Just click on them and you will automatically go there. Good luck to you. Happy hunting. Zeke."

Warren eagerly clicked on the first site name, which was highlighted in red and underlined. Soon images began to appear and focus. There was a button that promised "Hot, younger studs seeking Daddies," and he clicked on it. A list of short ads surfaced. Each ad was loaded with the tired old gay sex jargon he had grown to despise.

The corresponding downloadable images were mostly headless and centered on hard cocks, some even ejaculating. He struggled to get out of that site and clicked on the other, only to find that it required payment to access. He clicked out and signed off.

A wave of anxiety poured over him, followed by a creeping, numbing sadness. Weeping quietly, he climbed

into bed and curled into a fetal position. Eventually, the rhythm of the waves lulled him to sleep.

November 11, 2000

He awakened after nine with the barking of a dog from the beach. He thought of Gonzo and absently felt for Max. "God, how did he get out?"

And then he was fully awake, agonizingly alone. He sat up in bed and looked out at the beach. A young couple walked hand-in-hand while an Irish Setter was running circles around them.

Warren got into a robe and walked into the kitchen to do his morning ritual. He poured water into a tea pot and turned on the flame, then he fetched the L.A. Times just outside the front door. Waiting for the whistle from the pot, he scanned the headlines, and thumbed through the entertainment section. He was always interested in which new movies were opening, but he never went to a movie. Hearing the whistle, he absently turned off the burner and poured hot water over a cup with a coffee bag. As he dipped the bag several times, he glanced through the comics pages, hoping to find something funny.

Throwing the paper into the trash can, he took a sip of coffee and found himself staring at the dark computer monitor. He sat down at the keyboard and turned the machine on.. He logged on to AOL and found that he had an e-mail from Zeke.

"I rarely fail to get my man, but I did in the case of the man whose photograph I have attached. I'm too skinny for him. Can you believe that? I lift weights and run over 50 miles a weeks, and he says I'm a fucking ectomorph. Okay, I've given you a place to start. His name and e-mail address is at the bottom of the photo. Good hunting."

Warren clicked on the button to download, and the image of a stocky, bare-chested man with vivid green eyes and brown hair appeared. At the bottom of the photograph was inscribed: "Russell - 5'-7", 200#, 37 - Ruswmort@hotmail.com"

Warren pushed back in the chair and scrolled from the top of the blown-up photo to the bottom and back to the top again. Russell was muscular, but his definition was softer than that of a body builder. He was ruggedly handsome and showed an enigmatic half-smile. His chest hair was abundant but soft, and his nipples stuck out and seemed erect.

He sat staring at Russell while sipping his coffee. A dizzying flood of emotions swirled in his head--everything from rapture to numbing grief, from sailing to falling, from hilarity to stone-cold terror.

He dreamily clicked on the print icon and watched as the printer hummed into action, printing out an image slightly less sharp than that on the monitor.

During the next 45 minutes, Warren agonized over the wording of his first and perhaps only message to Russell. There were so many questions: *where does he live? How does he sound? Will he like me?*

Subj: Hello!
Date: Saturday, November 11, 2000 10:25:10 AM
From: MaxWarGon@aol.com
To: Ruswmort@hotmail.com

A guy I don't even know sent me your picture, and I can't stop looking at it. Would like to get to know you better. My name is Warren, and I live in Laguna Beach, CA. I'm 58, retired firefighter (stationed all over Orange County), about 265#, 5'-10". The photo I am enclosing was taken about two years ago when I had a crew cut. People say I used to look like that maintenance boss in the American Airline commercial a few years back. Now he plays the part of a detective on the new program, "CSI" on CBS. I currently have short, parted hair, mostly grey. If anything clicks, send me a note and let's talk a little. Warren

November 12, 2000

Warren drove into the garage and parked his '99 Regal next to Max's covered '96 Mercedes "S" sedan. It was a disparity that extended into his relationship with Max. Warren met Max at a party in Huntington Beach back in 1984, and there was never any doubt. Warren was a 42-year-old deputy fire chief who had recently been divorced from a woman who took the kids and all the money back to Cincinnati after finding out Daddy was gay. Max was a 39-year-old character actor and screenwriter who lived in Hollywood Hills.

From the very beginning the consensus was that it wouldn't last a week, but it ended up lasting over 15 years. Max was part of the Hollywood "A" list and loved to attend and throw parties. He was able to work consistently and consequently made a lot of money, both as an actor and screenwriter. Warren, although deeply in love with Max, didn't enjoy the Hollywood way of life. The phoniness and insincerity of it all revolted him. The appearance of his being "kept" by Max embarrassed him. And just as it was about to adversely affect their relationship, Max suffered a near-fatal stroke that left his right side partially paralyzed.

It took two years of therapy to bring Max's mobility to the level of being able to walk with a cane. By that time, Max had lost his agent and had no chance of getting any work as an actor. A screenplay he had worked on before his stroke was passed around all over Tinseltown without any interest. And then the even more debilitating depression overcame him, rendering him almost impossible to deal with. It took Warren another 18 months to convince Max that he actually had a prob-

lem and should take medication for it.

After Max began taking Paxil, he agreed to sell the house in Hollywood Hills and buy a condo in Laguna Beach. In May of 1990, they sold a fortune in paintings, china, antique furniture, and European sports cars, then they moved into the luxury condo. Max began to show more interest in living, but he had changed drastically. He became impotent and lost all desire for sex. He asked for a platonic relationship and gave Warren his blessings for having safe sexual encounters on the side.

From time to time, Warren would drive into Orange County and have sex with men from his days before Max, but there was little joy in it. In spite of Max's change, Warren never could shake the feeling of guilt for leaving him alone. Then one day he was introduced to a man his age who raised golden retrievers. Unable to reach erection, the man was so embarrassed that he offered Warren a male 12-week-old litter runt he couldn't sell. Warren tactfully declined at first, but after a pleasant morning of conversation--along with a second successful attempt at sex--he decided to take the pup back home.

Gonzo turned out to be the best thing that could have happened to Max at that time in his life. He changed even more positively and became more affectionate toward Warren--even to the point of offering him oral sex when he wanted it. He had no desire for reciprocation, but he seemed genuinely pleased spiritually with being able to give Warren pleasure. Consequently, Warren stopped seeing other men, preferring to stay at home with Max and Gonzo.

And now, both were gone.

Warren placed his keys on the kitchen table. The house was cold, and he turned up the thermostat. Taking a beer from the refrigerator, he sat at the computer and turned it on. With a remote control, he turned on the television set to catch the evening news.

He had five e-mails, four of which were spam. He quickly opened the fifth:

Subj: Re: Hello
Date: Saturday, November 12, 2000 6:15:33 AM
From: Ruswmort@hotmail.com
To: Maxwargon@aol.com

Damn! Talk about out of the blue. Where in the hell did you come from? Normally I would be pissed that someone relayed my photo, but in your case, I'm glad he did. Wish you lived in Louisiana. I'd be right over. You're just my type of man, my friend. Fireman! Wow! Put out my fire! How much do you know about me? Nothing, I guess. I don't usually give away much on the first message . I live in Lafayette, LA. Wish I was on AOL so we could have a chat by Instant Message. Okay, I will tell you one thing that sometimes turns people off. Might as well get this out right away and see if you come back. I am 38 and I'm a funeral director. I do embalming too, the works. Write me soon if you want to know more. Hugs, Russell.

Subj: Wow!
Date: Saturday, November 12, 2000 5:10:50 PM
From: MaxWarGon@aol.com
To: Ruswmort@hotmail.com

Everyone's got to make a living. No, that doesn't turn me off as long as you don't smell of embalming fluid in bed. I might as well get my own downer over with as well. Sometimes scares people off. I lost my partner of 15 years last June. Also lost our dog. Both from cancer. I want to go on with my life. Like to start living again. Maybe someone like you can help. Hugs back at you. Warren.

Warren had a couple of beers and ate a Thai noodle bowl, but he was anxious to get back on-line.

Subj: Re: Wow!
Date: Saturday, November 12, 2000 9:37:40 PM
From: Ruswmort@hotmail.com
To: Maxwargon@aol.com

Man you really got hit broadside. Real sorry, Warren. I'd be glad to help, but I don't think you're at all ready for a relationship. Wish I could fly out to see you right now, but I'm sorta stuck here. I have a huge loan to pay off for when I went to school to get my BS in Mortuary Sciences. Have to work in a small two-bit funeral home on the outskirts of Lafayette. I do it all: funeral planning, selling caskets, comforting the family, embalming, getting the deceased ready for viewing. I have to be on-call most of the time for death calls. I actually live in the back of the place. Why do I have to do this, you might ask? Well, now it's time for bomb number two: I've had too many jobs during the past year--five, actually. I had to beg to get this job back. Left it to get a better job, but that didn't work out, nor did the other three. I figure I either stay put and get my life back together, or I won't be able to get a job in Louisiana anymore. Okay, so much for career. My private life is not too much better. I broke up with my partner of eleven years about sixteen months ago. He wasn't there when I needed him the most, and the sex got a little too one-sided. There was zero romance anymore. No affection. I thrive on affection, cuddling, kissing, so the absence of that was beginning to kill me. Well, it almost did.

Get ready for bomb number three. In a moment of total stupidity after he announced that he had a new lover, I took some crack cocaine from his own crackhead son, and I was instantly hooked. Maybe it was suicide by crack. I lost everything: my car, my job, my self-respect. I ended up on the streets

in New Orleans, sleeping in parks, eating in soup kitchens and out of dumpsters. One day I woke up in a jail hospital bed, going through withdrawal. And when I got out, I went to my brother's place in Alexandria. I pulled myself together and padded that lost time on my resume with a bogus job at a funeral home that went out of business. That's when I came here the first time. I want to say this as strongly as I possibly can: I'LL NEVER GO BACK TO CRACK. If you choose not to get back in touch with me, I will understand, but I just had to be honest with you. And if we ever got together, you would have to know. Better go now. Will keep my fingers crossed. Lots and lots of hugs. Russell

November 13, 2000

Warren caught sight of the condo complex just as the tide started to come in, so he quickened his gait on the sand. The sun was rising, illuminating everything with a magenta glow. He reviewed from his memory one image after another of the devastation of addiction he'd witnesses in his profession. He remembered when he was a rookie fireman doing CPR on a heroin addict whose heart stopped, how he was stabbed on his right side by a knife-wielding man on PCP. There was an endless string of alcohol-related automobile accidents, complete with severed limbs, crushed skulls, broken necks, gushing arteries. But crack. *Oh, my God,* he thought. *The hardest of all to get off of.* He knew that wasn't the last of the story. With crack heads, there is always much more. What did he do to get his crack? What did he steal; who did he steal from; *who, if anyone, did he kill?*

Subj: Sorry for the delay . . .
Date: Sunday, November 13, 2000 6:50:51 AM
From: MaxWarGon@aol.com
To: Ruswmort@hotmail.com

That was a lot. Looks like you've been through the wringer. Actually it is so very sad. As a fireman and EMT, I've seen so much. People go on drugs for all kinds of reasons, but I've never met someone who went on crack because of an overpowering need for affection. That brings tears to my eyes. It really does. I'm very glad that you cleaned up your act and commend you for your determination . . . but what are you doing about making sure you don't relapse? Are you in a support group? You know, I have to ask you these questions, because I find myself caring about you. Who did you steal from to support your habit? What kind of trouble did you get into? Did your family help you out? Your ex? I need to know these things. You sound like you need a good friend right now. And don't worry about me falling for you. I know how emotionally fucked up I am right now. I just need a good friend I can be intimate with. Hugs, Warren.

That afternoon, Warren came back from another walk on the beach and got himself a beer. He got on AOL to see if there was an e-mail from Russell. There wasn't. Then he heard an electronic bell sound and saw a pop-up appear. It was an instant message from Ruswmort@aol.com.

Ruswmort: Are you there?

Maxwargon: I thought you were on hotmail.

Ruswmort: I just signed up for AOL so I could talk to you. NO RELAPSE! NEVER GONNA HAPPEN!

Maxwargon: You sound pretty confident.

Ruswmort: I want to live! I'm only 38. I'm going to stay here at the terrible place for at least a year and get my career back on track. Would you believe that I missed Salutatorian by a hair?

Maxwargon: That's impressive. But what about the fallout from your hitting bottom?

Ruswmort: Don't understand.

Maxwargon: What was the price?

Ruswmort: I stole groceries and a coin collection from my ex. I sold a small house I inherited from an uncle. I took groceries to the crack house and got crack for it. My ex never filed charges. As a matter of fact, he wants me back, but I have no intention of ever going back to him. He abandoned me at the lowest point in my life.

Maxwargon: You've only been hooked once?

Ruswmort: Only the once.

Maxwargon: Jail just once?

Ruswmort: Got into some trouble when I was young, but nothing serious. I stole a car. Are you going to drop me?

Maxwargon: Of course not. As a matter of fact, I want to fly out and see you.

Ruswmort: No shit?

Maxwargon: No shit.

Ruswmort: You can't come here.

Maxwargon: Hello? I don't want to go there. I don't want to share you with a corpse. Formaldehyde is something I can't take. It makes me throw up. Blood, busted intestines, grey matter, no problem. Formaldehyde? Projectile vomiting, baby.

Ruswmort: Pussy! I get every third

weekend off. I could meet you in New Orleans, and I'll make sure I don't smell like embalming fluid.

Maxwargon: What weekend is that?

Ruswmort: You are really serious about flying out?

Maxwargon: I have to see you. Gotta meet you and see if you're someone I want in my life.

Ruswmort: Hey, you're scaring me now. I thought you weren't going to get serious about anyone.

Maxwargon: You make me feel good. Maybe you're a catharsis. Meeting you and being intimate with you would be good, no?

Ruswmort: As long as you don't go sappy on me.

Maxwargon: This is silly. What's your telephone number?

Ruswmort: I just got a death call, so I'll be tied up late. Call me tomorrow night after nine my time. My number is . . .

Warren wrote down the number and tried to say good-night, but Russell had already signed off. Warren found it strange but shrugged it off. He had a good feeling about Russell, but there was an undercurrent of anxiety.

November 14, 2000

Warren drove into Los Angeles and had lunch at Farmer's Market. Later, he went to North Hollywood to visit a bath house popular with older men and younger men who were attracted to them. After he undressed and wrapped a towel around himself, he walked up to the showers, followed by two younger men, neither of whom appealed to him. After showering, he walked down to the spa, where he was joined by his admirers.

He got out of the pool and prowled through the hallways, getting stares from three more younger men and a few older ones as well. None of them turned him on. He began to feel ill-at-ease and left.

Having spent the afternoon alternately walking on the beach and surfing the internet, Warren felt exhausted and irritated. After 6:00 pm he heated up some leftover stir-fry but only picked at it. There seemed to be a knot inside his stomach. He watched the hands of the clock slowly inch around the dial until it was exactly 7:00 pm. He waited a little longer in a half-hearted attempt to hide his anxiety, but he couldn't wait any longer.

He dialed the number.

After six rings, a recorded voice with a Cajun-like accent said, "Hello, this is Russell. I can't take your call right now, but if you'll leave a message after the beep, I will get right back with you."

Beep.

Warren felt dizzy. "Uhh . . ."

"Yeah, hello?" A hurried voice with heavy breathing. A click to override the message machine.

"Russell?"

"Warren?"

Warren chuckled. "You're out of breath."

"Didn't want to miss your call."

"I would have called back."

"Whew! I'm out of shape."

"I didn't know you had a Cajun accent."

"Bite your tongue. I'm just a plain swamp rat. Don't speak a word of French. My last name is White, not Guidry."

"That's too bad, Mr. White. Can you cook etoufee?"

"I want your dick down my throat. *Everybody* in Louisiana can make etoufee."

Warren sucked in air and got an immediate erection.

"You there?"

"Uhh . . ." Warren felt his turgid cock, which hadn't been hard in over over a year. "I'm as hard as a rock, Mr. White. No, make that titanium."

"Good." He chuckled with a low, sensuous voice. "Where are you from? I can't guess your accent."

"I was born in Bakersfield. My folks came here from Oklahoma."

"California native . . . . What does "maxwargon" mean?"

"Max was my partner . 'War' is for . . ."

"Warren, and what does 'Gon'..."

"Stands for Gonzo, our golden retriever. He died just before Max did."

There was silence.

"You there?" asked Warren.

"I'm really sorry, Warren."

"Thanks. Life can be a bitch. By the way, my last name is Erickson."

"December second. You a Viking?"

"What's December second?" asked Warren. "And no, I'm just a big, dumb Swede."

"My next weekend off. I think you're beautiful."

"Where do I meet you?"

"How about the New Orleans airport? Maybe we could stay someplace local and get to know one another. Unless you want to see New Orleans."

"No . . . I want to see you. Just you."

"Uhh . . . I gotta go. I need to get some sleep tonight. It took me over two hours to embalm this lady. She was killed in an automobile accident. Let me know your flight number, and I'll be waiting at the gate."

"Sure you want me to come?"

"I'm sure. Are you?"

"What if I really like what I see?" Warren's voice was beginning to crack from excitement.

"Well, we'll cross that bridge when we get to it. Sorry, I have to go."

"Okay. Sweet dreams."

"You too."

"Bye."

"Bye."

Warren slowly and dreamily placed the receiver back in its cradle. It occurred to him that he was jumping at some quick grief fix that would backfire. It also seemed plausible that he was following his dick much more than his heart. He was starved for sex well before Max died, and his bereavement did nothing to quell his desire. Making matters worse, his taste in sex partners was limited and inflexible. Settling for someone less than ideal was out of the question. Of late, no fantasy he could conjure up was vivid enough to support masturbation.

December 2, 2000

The flight from LAX to New Orleans landed just after 1:00 pm, and, having flown first class, Warren was the first passenger off. Carrying the only bag he had brought along, he scanned the faces of people waiting at the gate. None of the men looked like Russell, but he wasn't sure. He walked around the waiting crowd to get a good angle on everyone, but Russell wasn't there.

Baggage claim, he thought. *Maybe he meant baggage claim.*

He followed the signs to the baggage claim area, making sure to look carefully at every oncoming man he encountered.

Eventually, all the passengers on his flight had claimed their baggage and departed, so he called Russell's number in Lafayette. The message tape played, but he didn't leave a message. Without any idea what to do next, he sat heavily in a chair near the exit.

"Warren Erickson, please go to a white courtesy phone for a message."

He barely heard it and cocked his head.

"Warren Erickson, please go to a white courtesy phone for a message."

He frantically asked a red cap where the nearest white phone was, and the man pointed toward the escalator going back up to the ticket counters. "Just on the other side."

Warren ran to the phone and picked up the receiver.

An operator came on. "Your name, please?"

"Warren Erickson."

"One moment, please." There was a long pause, then a click. "Go ahead, please."

"Warren?" It was Russell, and he sounded like he was almost in tears.

"What happened?" Warren feared the worst. "Are you okay?"

"I'm in Baton Rouge."

"Baton Rouge?"

"That fucking boss of mine. He manages a funeral home across town." He sounded furious and really stressed out. "My relief was supposed to be there this morning, but the sonofabitch got there late. That and we got two death calls. I pulled some strings and got the bodies reverted to another home. That dumb asshole who relieved me can't embalm his way out of a paper bag. If I'd let those bodies in, I would still be there bailing the fucker out."

"Okay, no problem," assured Warren. "So you're running late. Just take a deep breath and get back in your car and drive down to the Hilton across from the airport. I'll be waiting for you. Call me from the lobby and I'll give you the room number."

"Okay, thanks. Jesus, I really came close to fucking that up, didn't I?"

"Just get your ass here, young man. I'll be waiting."

Just under two hours later, the room telephone rang, and Warren almost jumped out of his chair to reach for the phone. "Hello?"

"I'm here."

"Four twenty-one."

A click.

Warren paced the floor in anticipation. He knew there were no guarantees, but the promise of a great sexual encounter was becoming highly probable. That alone would be worth the air fare.

There came a faint knock on the door and Warren opened it.

Russell's face lit up, and his green eyes seemed iridescent. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but nothing came out. Warren reached for a dangling arm and pulled him inside.

Warren was stunned by the look on Russell's face and didn't quite know what to say. The door closed with a clack, and Russell just stood there smiling.

Warren reached around the younger man and chain latched the door, then he rested his big arms on Russell's shoulders. He kissed Russell on the lips lightly and then held him close, his mouth near Russell's ear. And then the odor wafted into his nose.

"Oh, no," mumbled Warren, pulling away.

"Oh, shit!" Russell looked down at his shirt. "I didn't have time to change. Oh, Jesus."

As Warren reeled backward to get away from the smell of what he assumed was residue of embalming fluid, Russell rushed into the bathroom and closed the door.

There was the sound of the shower being turned on, and Warren sat in a chair, hoping that Russell could get rid of the smell.

After what seemed to be a little too long for a normal shower, he heard the water shut off and the sounds of wet clothing being wrung out. There was a period of silence, then the door opened.

Russell emerged with a self-conscious look on his face. He was nude.

"Come to Papa," said Warren with an almost hoarse voice.

As Russell slowly walked toward him, Warren realized that he was without a doubt the most attractive man he'd ever seen. His hair was short and dark brown, and his beautiful eyes aligned wonderfully with a proportion-

ate nose and attractive full mouth. His face was round and almost cherubic. His neck was thick, and his shoulders and arms were muscular but not rippling. He had a chest covered with soft, dark hair, even more luxuriously looking than in the picture. As a matter of fact, the picture on-line didn't really do him justice.

Russell stopped a few feet from Warren and nodded toward the bed. Warren's gaze fell to Russell's crotch which presented body-clinging testicles and a thick, uncircumcised penis inflating like a sausage skin being filled with ground meat. Lured by the growing cock, he raised to his feet and began taking off his clothes, while watching Russell's eyes with fascination.

As Warren stood naked for Russell's inspection, the young man's mouth froze in an "Oh, my God" expression. Warren, though taller than Russell, had the same body type and similar musculature, but his body hair was a mixture of grey and dark auburn. Like Russell's it was soft and not at all coarse. His balls were large and unclinging, his circumcised penis short and thick. His cock was so engorged with blood that it was almost red and slightly painful.

Without any sense of movement, Warren found himself locked in an embrace with Russell, and the two men eased up the bed facing one another. Russell kissed Warren tenderly, almost hesitantly, and closed his eyes as Warren reciprocated. The warmth of Russell's chest made Warren feel at peace and far, far removed from psychic pain. The throbbing of Russell's cock was almost foreign to him, because none of his sexual memories seemed to compare--not even those with Max. The sticky, hot drool between them begged to be savored.

Russell began to shake slightly, and Warren felt himself quaking as well.

"It's been too long, Russell," whispered Warren. "I need this now." He moved into a 69 position with Russell and buried his face in Russell's precum-streaked pubic hair. Russell sucked in air and began to tremble more, leaving no doubt what was about to happen.

Both men went down deeply on each other, and Warren ejaculated. Russell hummed his approval and caressed Warren's buttocks and balls. He came and came, as if his semen had come from a source much larger than a mere seminal vesicle. Warren willed Russell to come, but the young man seemed completely engrossed with taking Warren's load and savoring it.

"Sweet Jesus," whispered Russell, after swallowing for the final time.

"I want you," said Warren, moving Russell onto his back and hovering over him.

Russell's cock had become semi-flaccid, but it began to grow again as Warren rhythmically pushed it in and out of his throat, ending each plunge with a flutter tongue to the base. Concentrating on tempo and technique, Warren cleared his head of diversions and willed his mind to communicate with Russell's essence. He gained control of the young man's body and played it as a delicate musical instrument--deftly, passionately.

A glowing expression of rapture was the only sign that Russell was about to come. Suddenly he snorted and bellowed joyfully. Warren quickly placed his big hand over Russell's mouth to muffle his cries as he struggled to swallow the young man's bounty.

And then it was over. The shivering subsided. The groans were replaced with regular breathing. Russell nestled into Warren's arms.

Within a short time, they were both asleep.

Several hours and many ejaculations later, Warren got out of bed and went to the bathroom to urinate. He saw Russell's wet clothing and laughed.

"What's so funny?" asked Russell.

"Those clothes aren't going to dry. You don't have any clothes to wear."

"I have a change of clothes in the car."

Warren chuckled. "Are you going to go get them in the nude?"

"Those in there will dry."

"Yeah, in a week maybe. I'll go out to your car and get them."

Russell stuck his head inside the bathroom. "We have all night and most of tomorrow, and I don't plan on going out. Do you?"

Warren kissed him. "I don't know if I can keep up with you. Do you realize that I've blown you four times?"

"Let's order some room service so I can get my strength back, and then I'll go for five."

Warren rolled up his eyes. "I haven't cum twice in over thirty years."

"And you're going for three."

"I wonder if they have raw oysters on the menu?" asked Warren.

"You won't need them."

"Okay, let's order some food, and then we'll cuddle up and watch a movie together, okay?"

"Okay, I'm hungry." Russell went looking for the room service menu.

The two men lay on a couch watching the end of a movie whose ending presented a profoundly riveting account of what death might be all about. Russell lay cradled against Warren's torso. Warren's hand caressed Russell's chest and abdomen.

Russell turned to face Warren. "Do you believe in life after death?"

Warren thought about it, then said, "I'm not sure what I believe in. The house is pretty quiet. No sign from either Max or Gonzo. What do you believe?"

"I'm not sure either." He yawned and scratched his balls. "I see death every day, and part of my job is to assure the families that there is a heaven-

-that they will see their loved ones again someday. You wouldn't believe how hard I work on a body to make it look like they're gonna get up and walk at the first sign of that big trumpet signalling the Rapture."

"So what do we have here, Russell?"

The young man studied him. "Pardon?"

"Is this just a roll in the hay, or do we have more than that?"

Russell's green eyes caught the lamp just right, making Warren's heart skip a beat. "You make me weak in the knees." He sat up and leaned against the other side of the couch, placing his feet in Warren's lap. "But you live in California, and I live in Louisiana."

"Those kinds of obstacles can be overcome."

Russell looked pensive. "I just about got over one relationship that nearly killed me. And I got a monster temptation that likes to tap me on the shoulder every time I get stressed."

Warren nodded and carefully considered his next words. "I want you in my life, Russell. I don't care how long it takes, but I want you and me to live together."

Russell appeared to be getting uncomfortable. "I . . . I can't make a commitment to you, Warren. I just have way too much on my plate."

"Not asking for a commitment, just a chance."

"How long would you wait?" Russell stared at his toes, then looked up for Warren's answer.

"However long it takes."

"You sure?"

"I'm sure. I can always commute to New Orleans on your days off."

Russell got up and walked to the bathroom. Warren could hear the urine stream.

Warren was somewhat surprised that Russell had not brought up the subject of Max. *He was just proposed to by a grief-stricken guy who may or may not be playing with a full deck*, Warren thought. He considered that he might have gone too far too soon, but he didn't want to play games. At this stage of his life, he wanted to be open and honest. He had no time to waste on being coy or flirting.

Russell came back into the room and pulled back the bedspread. "I want you to hold me tight all night long."

Warren felt a surge of joy and joined him in bed.

December 3, 2000

Warren awakened and got up to make himself some coffee. Russell opened his eyes briefly to see what Warren was doing.

"Just making some coffee." He began to put some clothes on. "Want some?"

"I don't wanna get up yet," mumbled Russell.

"Go back to sleep, Sunshine. You don't have to get up yet." Warren studied him fondly. It all felt so right. "I want to get your clothes out of your car. The ones in the bathroom are still wet."

"Keys are on the dresser," Russell softly mumbled. "Blue Taurus, first row all the way right . . . ." And he began snoring.

Warren finished dressing and went down to get Russell's clothes. He found the Taurus at the very end of the first row. It was a well-kept car, highly polished and clean, except for the bugs splattered on the windshield. He opened the trunk and found a small overnight bag. Grabbing it, he reached up to close the trunk but something caught his eye. There was a department store hand bag tucked in the back of the trunk. He reached for it but pulled back.

"What are you doing?" he whispered to himself. "That's personal stuff."

But he was instantly able to overcome that with, "Jeez, I'm asking him to live with me, so shouldn't I know everything?"

He pulled the bag closer and looked inside. It appeared to be a brick of marijuana which had been shrink-wrapped in plastic. Next to it was a small cardboard box. He opened it and saw six small pimiento jars filled with clear liquid. He felt like he was sinking in quicksand. He picked up one of the jars and held it up to the sun found that it was clear. He began to twist it open but stopped. It scared him in so many ways. He sniffed it and sensed a very faint smell of formaldehyde. He placed the bottle back and pushed the bag back where it had been. He closed the trunk and instantly felt nauseated. He felt clammy and wondered if he were having a heart attack. Then he abruptly vomited the coffee he had drunk.

As he leaned against Russell's car, he breathed deeply and felt the nausea wane.

And then the memory hit him full-force.

He'd been a fireman at the Garden Grove station for just three weeks. The call came about a house fire. By the time the crew reached the house at the end of a cul-de-sac, flames were shooting through the roof. But one side of the house was not yet consumed, and it appeared that the bedrooms might be in that section. Warren and another fireman ran for the house as the others hooked up to water. Behind him, he could hear a neighbor screaming that the elderly couple living there had not come out. Warren axed down the front door and ran down a hallway toward the bedrooms. The smoke was at chest level, and the heat was intense.

Sitting in a chair was a man in his 80s. His eyes were open, but he seemed unaware of his surroundings. A woman about the same age was lying in the bed with her hands clasped. Quickly Warren wrapped the woman in a blanket and threw her over his shoulder.

The other fireman picked up the man. When they reached the hallway again, the smoke was waist level, and flames had reached the doorway. He and his partner carried the couple across the street and placed them prone underneath a tree.

The old man became agitated and fought with the other fireman, who was now joined by another fireman. Warren felt for the woman's carotid artery, but couldn't feel a pulse. She was cold as well. He tried to open her mouth, but it wouldn't open. Confused, and seeing that the older man had become violent, he unconsciously pressed down on the woman's breast bone to administer CPR. That's when a suture on her neck popped open and an abominable pink liquid squirted into his face.

It wasn't until after he had been treated at an emergency room for smoke inhalation and severe nausea that he was told the whole story. The old woman had died in a hospital and was taken to a funeral home, where she was embalmed. Somehow, her husband had made off with her body and taken it home, where he laid her out. He had been praying for three days that she would rise from the dead when he accidentally caused a grease fire in the kitchen.

Warren felt numb as he walked out of the elevator and made his way to the room. Russell was still asleep, so Warren placed the overnight bag on the other bed and sat down to watch Russell sleep for a few minutes.

"Russell," he said at length.

The young man stirred and turned on his back. He lifted his head up and looked around the room, finally focusing on Warren. "What are you doing over there?"

I went down to get your clothes, remember?"

"Oh, yeah." He yawned and arched his back, exposing an erect cock.

And suddenly it became easy to ignore the obvious: Russell did have a dark side. Perhaps he was even dangerous. But instead of dwelling on that part of the equation, Warren quickly disrobed and easily swept Russell up into a mutually feasting position. He buried Russell's perfect cock in his throat and focused on the tightening scrotum and twitching sphincter. Pulling back easily, he took a deep breath and did it again, prompting Russell to suck more in earnest. Another breath, another rise in Russell's passion. And then he began to shake and suck Warren's cock in a frenzy.

At exactly that same moment, Russell's penis erupted, his knees popped, and he bellowed out a muffled cry. Warren shot a second later, causing Russell to gag and pull off, allowing the semen to shoot over Warren's belly. Russell caught his breath and lazily rubbed his hand through the semen and onto his own chest. Warren held Russell's cock inside his mouth until it was completely flaccid.

They stayed in that position for several minutes while Warren pondered how he would get Russell to come clean with his obvious involvement with pushing drugs. He didn't want to be judgmental, but at the same time, he knew that Russell would have to give up dealing if they were to get together. It was something Warren couldn't live with. For the time being it seemed acceptable to rationalize Russell's side job as necessary for him to make ends meet and that he would gladly abandon it when he realized the extent of Warren's wealth. Of course, the logic stunk, but with a man as beautiful as Russell, rationalization came easy.

After they took a shower together, Warren ordered lunch from room service, and the two men ate in silence.

Russell glanced up at Warren from time to time as if he had something he dreaded saying.

"You glad you came?" asked Warren, placing the last piece of club sandwich inside his mouth.

Russell beamed. "Are you kidding?"

Warren chewed his food and studied Russell's complex array of expressions.

"I have to go soon," Russell said, pushing his half-eaten sandwich away.

"I know." Warren wondered why things didn't happen neatly. To him, it was obvious that they were made for each other.

"I was in prison," Warren. He seemed relieved saying it.

"Oh?" Warren was relieved as well. He felt that perhaps now was the time he would come clean.

"In my early twenties. I got fucked up on meth and stole a car. There was a pursuit, and I ran into a man and his wife. Thank God, they weren't killed."

"How many times have you gone back to crack?" Warren had to know.

"Never. I did it once, and that was enough."

"So how do you stay off? You in a support group?"

Russell seemed irritated. "I can do it on my own. I don't need anyone to help me stay off the shit."

"Do you smoke grass?"

Russell smiled and looked up at the ceiling. "You saw it in the trunk?"

"Yeah. I've seen bricks before . . . and crack pipes . . . and spoons and needles . . ."

"I don't smoke it. I'm clean, Warren." His face betrayed an emotion he had not seen before.

Warren gestured with his hands. "Then you . . . ah . . . what? . . . pushing it?"

Russell's face turned dark with anger.

"Okay, so you're transporting it for someone." Warren wanted to defuse the pressure.

"As a matter of fact, that was what I was doing."

Warren forced himself to smile and seem relieved. "Jeez, you scared me

there for a minute."

Russell appeared relieved as well. "You have to believe what I tell you."

"I believe you," Warren lied.

Russell stretched and looked at a clock on the night stand. "I have to get dressed." He reached for the bag on the other bed.

"So who is your ex? Tell me about him."

Russell seemed to hesitate. He slightly frowned. "Aubry lives in Baton Rouge. I haven't seen him since I left sixteen months ago. He owns a restaurant there, and his sons and daughter work for him. It's a really popular place called 'The Golden Catfish.' He's a controller. Everything has to go his way or nothing doing." As Russell dressed, his expression became grim. He obviously felt uncomfortable talking about Aubry. "He was never one to give out affection. He wanted a quick blowjob, then he wanted you to get lost." He sat on the edge of the other bed to put on his socks. "We only lived together two years out of all the time we were together. Before I got into funeral work, I used to work out on the oil platforms, so I only saw him when I was on R & R. I had this little apartment in New Orleans. And then he goes on this fucking cruise with some punk for fifteen goddamn days, and he had the fucking nerve to bring the kid to live with him." He was angry again.

"And that's when you went on crack."

He nodded and pulled on his trousers.

"So how long are you going to hold out on your own?"

Russell looked surprised at Warren. "What do you mean?"

"What if I go back and find I can't live without you?"

Russell put his shirt on and fastened his belt. "Then you tell me you can't live without me, and we'll go from there."

Warren locked his arms behind his head and smiled. "Fair enough."

Russell bent over Warren and kissed him full on the lips. "Give me room, and give me time."

Russell went into the bathroom to comb his hair, then he slowly walked out and stood by the door. Warren joined him and hugged him strongly.

Warren sighed. "You're going to break my heart after you walk through that door."

"And how do you think I'll feel?" Russell looked as if he would cry.

They kissed passionately until the anxiety was almost unbearable for Warren. Knowing that the feeling was mutual, he was strangely relieved when Russell opened the door and slipped out without looking back.

Warren sat on the bed and wept softly.

December 4, 2000

Subj: I'm home!
Date: Monday, December 4, 2000
10:33 AM
To: Ruswmort
From: MaxWarGon

Got back without any problems. I want to thank you for a wonderful experience. We need to talk. I'm in love with you. Warren

Subj: You there?
Date: Monday, December 4, 2000
12:59 PM
To: Ruswmort
From: MaxWarGon

Tried to call several times. Beginning to get worried about you. Please contact me.

Subj: What's going on?
Date: Monday, December 4, 2000
6:03 PM
To: Ruswmort
From: MaxWarGon

Just called you and got a busy signal. What in the hell is going on? I'm worried sick.

December 5, 2000

Warren finally gave up calling by mid-afternoon. *Face it, fuck face, you've been dumped,* he thought.

He'd drank six beers and was nearly intoxicated, something very unusual for him. As the sun set, he looked out over the near-deserted beach and realized that he had to forget Russell and start all over.

December 7, 2000

At 6:25 that morning, the telephone rang. Warren was half asleep when he answered.

"Warren?"

"Yeah." His mouth felt dry, as if he had been breathing through his mouth.

"Russell." His voice sounded small and flat.

Warren raised up in bed and cleared his throat. "What happened to you?"

"I need to get out of here, Warren." It seemed as if he had trouble talking and was on the verge of crying. "I can't get you out of my mind, man. I cried all the way back to Lafayette."

"So what do you intend to do about it?" Warren was by now fully awake and sitting on the edge of the bed.

"I want to come and live with you. I can't hold on to this job, Warren. They know they have me by the balls. They think I don't have options. But even worse, I told the guys I had the drug deal with that I wanted out. I supplied them embalming fluid to soak the rolled weed. Shit's called 'fries,' and it's catching on like wildfire with kids. I needed the money, Warren. I don't want to hurt kids, for Christ's sake. I was trapped." And then he did start to cry. "All I need is for just one person to believe in me and give me a break. I never thought I would meet a man

like you. Oh, Jesus, I love you, Warren."

The words calmed him like morphine.

"Warren? You there?"

"Yeah, Baby." He fought to hold back the tears. "I'm here. I'll fly to Lafayette, and we can drive back together."

"No, we can't do that, Warren. You'll stick out like a sore thumb, and I don't want you hurt."

"Hurt?"

"Listen to me. It's complicated, but I can explain it all later. I have to walk away from all of it. Make a clean break. Disappear. The car I drive belongs to the funeral home, so I can't drive off in that. I wouldn't make it to Texas."

"So what are you saying?"

"I need to buy a car that will get me there. I could drive to Houston in the middle of the night. They might spot me in New Orleans. You could fly there, and we could drive together to L.A. It would be our honeymoon. If I had the money, I could drive the company car to where the new car is, buy the car with cash, then head for Houston."

It didn't add up, but Warren so desperately wanted it to. "Why don't you just drive to Baton Rouge like you did in New Orleans, and we could fly back together?

"I only get a weekend off every three weeks, and the next will be Christmas weekend. The guys I deal with, they own me, Warren. They want more fluid, and auditors keep pretty good tabs on it. I don't want to end up in prison. Besides, some kid in New Orleans died the other day smoking fries. I have to get out now!"

"Okay, okay." Warren's mind was reeling. "How much, and how do I get it to you?"

"I need two thousand at least."

Warren wanted more time to think, but he wanted Russell more. "How?"

"Send me a cashier's check overnight. Take down the funeral home address."

Warren wrote down the address.

"You'll never regret it, Warren. I'm gonna love you like nobody's loved you--"

"Come rain or come shine?"

Russell chuckled, and Warren could almost see the beaming smile and flashing green eyes.

"I'll take care of it this morning, and you should get it tomorrow." He rubbed his head as if trying to wake himself up from a dream. "So when do I meet you in Houston?"

"I'll call you. Probably late on the 9th, maybe the 10th. Make it the 10th. I'll pick you up at the airport in Houston. Make the reservation now, and I'll call you back tomorrow night to get the flight number."

"Just how dangerous are these guys?" Warren felt an iciness creeping up his neck.

"Gangbangers."

"Oh, Jesus, no!"

"Don't worry. When they come by Saturday night to get the juice, I'll be gone."

"This whole thing scares me to death."

"Oh, shit, I got a death call. Gotta go."

"Okay, I have a lot to do, it looks like. I'll look forward to your call tomorrow night."

"Okay."

"Russell?" Warren's voice cracked.

"Yeah, Babe."

"I love you."

"I love you, too. We'll be together in two more days. Hey, gotta go."

"Okay." Warren heard the click and hung up.

Then the huge knot returned to his gut.

December 8, 2000

By noon the previous day, Warren had picked up the cashier's check and mailed it to Russell via Express Mail. And here it was 24 hours later, and the knot hadn't subsided. He couldn't eat, and he couldn't drink even a beer. It was a godawful internal itch that he couldn't scratch.

About four in the afternoon, his stomach was beginning to hurt, so he rummaged through Max's medicine box and found a bottle of Xanax. He took two half-milligram tablets and shortly the knot subsided.

Just after 10:30 that night, he awakened on the couch and looked at the clock. He then walked to the bedroom to get two more tranquilizers, took them with water, and went to bed.

December 9, 2000

He called Russell's number early that morning, expecting to get the answering machine. A woman answered.

"Yeah, could I speak to Russell?"

"Uh . . . he doesn't work here anymore, I don't think." Her voice was shrill and twangy. "I'm just cleaning up the apartment. Oh, hold on. I'll let you speak to the owner."

There was an exchange of muffled female voices.

"Hello?" The voice of an older woman.

"Yes, I was trying to locate Mr. White."

"Are you a friend of his?"

He felt dizzy. "Oh, Jesus, did something happen to him?"

"Yeah, he got fired last Monday."

"Fired?"

"I guess I'd better not say things like that. I could get sued."

"Do you know where he went?"

"No idea t'all. Maybe his family up in Alexandria, maybe Baton Rouge. I think he has friends there. Well, I've talked too much." There was a click.

Warren placed the phone back and sat down at the computer. He stared at it for several minutes.

Then he sighed and dialed his travel agent. He ordered a one-way ticket to Baton Rouge and made a reservation for a rental car.

December 10, 2000

Warren was sitting inside the rented blue Regal and looked at the entrance to The Golden Catfish. It was just short of five pm, and only a few elderly customers had gone inside. Without any concern for how Aubry would react, he walked inside and caught the eye of the hostess, a young woman.

The woman approached. "Good evening, Sir. How many?"

"Uhh . . . I'm looking for Aubry." Warren smiled.

"Oh . . ." She looked around. "He's not here yet, but he should be here any minute." She gestured toward a row of booths. "You like to wait for him and have a cup of coffee or somethin'?"

He looked at the booths. "Ice tea would be fine."

She nodded and walked away while Warren made his way to the booths. He sat down with his back to the front door, assuming that Aubry would probably come from the back.

A heavy-set waitress approached him with a glass of iced tea. "Hi, Hon. Here ya go." She placed the ice tea and a menu on the table and walked away.

A few minutes later, a ruggedly handsome man of about 60 came in from the kitchen and was approached by the hostess, who pointed at Warren. Aubry squinted, trying to recognize Warren, then he walked to the table. Warren stood up respectfully.

"Do I know you?" His deep blue eyes were friendly, yet his body language belied a suspicious reserve.

Warren stuck out his hand to shake. "No, Sir, you don't. My name is Warren Erickson. I'm looking for Russell White."

Aubry regarded him for several seconds, then gestured for Warren to sit. Aubry sat opposite.

"What'd he do this time? You state or fed?"

"I'm not a cop, Mr. . . ."

"You can call me Aubry. Everybody calls me Aubry." His hair was white and receded; otherwise, he had the body and skin texture of a man far younger.

"I fell in love with him."

Aubry opened his mouth to say something, but changed his mind. He shook his head and looked down. "Slick Rusty. Slick as grease on a pig. How much money did you give him?" He looked back up with a compassionate look.

"Two thousand, but it's not the money. I just want to know why."

Aubry shook his head sadly. "I stopped wondering why years ago. I loved him too, you see."

"He told me about your relationship."

The waitress came up and asked if they wanted anything. "Cup of coffee, Rose. We gonna talk a while."

She nodded, smiled at Warren, and went for the coffee.

"I'm told that he left the funeral home near Lafayette. Do you know where he is?" Warren took a sip of his iced tea, pleased with Aubry's willingness to talk."

"He's had a lot of jobs in too short of time. It'll catch up with him . . . unless the hep C don't get him first, or the need for crack."

"He has hepatitis C?" Warren almost dropped the iced tea.

"He don't give a shit." Aubry shook his head with disgust. "He said that you couldn't catch it with just oral sex, but the doctor I made him go see said that there was a chance of gettin' it if you had bleeding gums.."

Warren leaned back to catch his breath.

"I wouldn't worry about it. I know that Rusty don't do no anal stuff. He goes nuts if you touch his asshole. Even his tits. He's one fucked up young fella. The least little thing will set him off. That's why he's had so many jobs. Don't like it? Bam." He slapped the table lightly for emphasis. "He's outa there."

"Why do people hire him?" The notion that he might have contracted the virus from Russell made Warren's skin crawl.

"'Cause he's the best damn embalmer in Louisiana. Can't do much of anything else. Prison twice, arrests for burglary and theft. He's gone to rehab four times--three times at my expense. Shot himself when he was younger, trying to kill himself. Tried to hang himself in my barn . . . ." He looked at Warren, as if to see if he had caught up. "He stole my coin collection, stole food from the restaurant to take to the crack houses in return for crack. I've spent a small fortune on tryin' to get him clean. I almost died a few months ago when I went into a diabetic coma. Hell, he knew about it, but do you think he would come to see me in the hospital? To hell with him."

Warren was crestfallen and angry. Angry at himself, for being taken. Angry at Russell for using him and making a fool out of him.

"Man, I'm sorry for throwin' all this in your face, but I think people should know the truth."

Warren struggled to compose himself. The words *prison, burglary, theft, and hepatitis* seemed to bounce off each other inside his head. "Have any idea where he might be?"

Aubry leaned forward. "You gonna kill him?" He slightly turned his head and looked at Warren askance.

"No, I'm not capable of killing anyone."

"My son tried to kill the sombitch, but he missed with a rifle. I told him, 'Rusty's life ain't worth you goin' to the goddamn pen, Son.'"

"I don't want to hurt him, Aubry."

"Then why do you want to find him?" Aubry maintained his stare.

"To offer to help him one last time." Warren choked back the urge to cry. "We had a beautiful weekend together in New Orleans. What he did in New Orleans wasn't acting."

Aubry leaned back and sighed.

"I want to take him to California, get him away from all the bad memories, get him into rehab, get him a different vocation. Embalmer! What kind of job is that for a crack head?"

"I just don't think you know what you're gettin' into, Son. Slick Rusty runs with a tough crowd."

"He told me about the gangbangers. They forced him to give them embalming fluid."

Aubry's showed another askance look. "What?"

"Embalming fluid. They use it to make what's known as 'fries.' Mostly black and Hispanic kids use it in the south, according to some stuff I downloaded on the Internet. They dip joints into the fluid and let it dry. Then they smoke it."

"Jesus Christ," moaned Aubry, whistling. "He's lyin'." It came out as a whisper.

"What?"

"He's lyin' to you," Aubry said, louder. "He pushes weed. He has access to a lot of embalming fluid. Ain't no gangbangers except his own customers. No one's forcin' him to do shit 'cept for Mother Crack."

Warren's head felt like it was spinning. "Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why tell only half the story? If a man is going to lie, why not hide all the dirt? Why would Russell even mention that he was a crack addict?"

"It's a fuckin' hook, Son. He's smart. He gives up just enough to hook you with a little pitty. He says, 'I've really made a mess of my life, but I have promise, and a good-lookin' rich man like you can probably get me over the hump.'"

"Where is he?" asked Warren, almost pleading.

"I don't know. Probably New Orleans."

"Where in New Orleans?"

Aubry shook his head. "Let me think. He talked about this gay mortician who has a funeral home in the Quarter. Tall older guy. One of many who fell in love with Rusty over the years. What was his name?"

Warren felt the knot in his stomach return.

"And that would make sense, because that's where his sources are."

"The name?" Warren flexed his legs to keep his feet from dancing.

"Delacourt . . . Delacroix . . . Delawhoozits . . . ."

Warren saw the waitress coming out of the corner of his eye and shook his head at her. She nodded and turned around.

"Okay, his first name was Charles. Very strange man. *Very* strange, if you know what I mean." He closed his eyes, then opened them and smiled. "Delcambre! Charles Delcambre. Delcambre Funeral Home, and I think it's on Rampart just across from the park."

Warren sighed in relief. It made sense. And then he realized what else Aubry had said. "What do you mean by 'very strange?'"

"Rusty says that the reason he never worked for him before is that he heard rumors of a bit of necrophilia."

Warren was in no hurry, so he talked longer with Aubry, who he really began to like. They even had dinner together, and Aubry invited Warren to stay in touch. They exchanged addresses and telephone numbers and even half-kiddingly wondered aloud if they might enjoy having sex with each other.

He left the restaurant near closing time and drove to his motel off of Interstate 10. When he arrived there, he found a telephone message from Aubry:

"Go back to California, Warren. He ain't worth the risk you're taking."

December 11, 2000

Warren drove around the funeral home several times, just to check it out. He was becoming very uncomfortable. Last night's sirloin steak seemed to be stuck in his stomach, and he had a bad headache. He noticed that there was a parking lot across from the funeral home, so he parked there and staked out the place.

The funeral home was located between a corner realty office and a book store, which advertised occult books, as well as voodoo and witchcraft supplies. As with many of the other buildings in the French Quarter, the funeral home was inside an old structure with a balcony on the second level. Warren assumed that the rooms upstairs were living areas for the owner since it would be very difficult to haul bodies up and down stairways.

There was an shallow driveway or parking alcove, obviously built for a hearse to back up into, and it was wide enough for two vehicles. It was empty, and Warren could see a plain grey door in the back. The main entrance was at street level and looked more like a hotel entrance than that of a funeral home.

As Warren was about to fall asleep, a UPS truck drove up, and the driver carried two large boxes to the single door in the alcove. The door opened, and a tall grey-haired man allowed the driver inside. The driver placed the boxes somewhere just inside and came back for the signature. The older man signed and closed the door as the driver left. Warren saw movement inside the foyer but couldn't make it out.

Shortly after 4:30 pm, a dark-skinned young woman came out of the front door carrying a purse. She walked across Rampart to the parking lot where Warren was parked. She got into a car parked two rows away and

drove out the Rampart exit

As darkness fell, Russell exited the grey door and jogged across Rampart, dodging cars. To Warren's horror, he walked straight for the Regal and got to within twenty feet before he veered off to a remote section of the lot. He got inside a red Camaro and drove toward the exit.

Warren felt light headed as he started the Regal and followed Russell from a prudent distance. The Camaro circumnavigated Louis Armstrong Park and turned right on Dauphine Street.

It was only then that Warren realized he was in a rundown all-black neighborhood. What few stores he saw were fitted with steel shutters and several of the houses were boarded up. He nervously glanced into the faces of young men milling about, each of whom seemed to look at him as he drove by, and direct unintelligible comments at him.

Russell pulled the Camaro over to the curb near a group of four young men, but Warren didn't feel comfortable stopping. Instead he kept driving, passing Russell and looking the other way. At the next intersection, he turned right then did a quick U-turn and reached the intersection just as a young, powerfully built black man approached the driver side of the Camaro and handed Russell something in return for what appeared to be cash.

Just as Russell drove off, Warren felt a sudden gust of hot, humid air and found himself on the pavement. There was a blinding flash, and everything went dark.

A siren, tires screeched to a halt too close. A booming voice: "Carjacking suspects on Dauphine headed for I-Ten in a blue Regal. Victim down in the street. Request backup and ambulance!"

Warren shielded his eyes from a light shining in his face. "What'd they do to me?"

"Try to relax, Bud. You been shot."

Warren sat on the edge of the gurney inside the emergency room wearing a hospital gown. His bloody sport shirt and trousers had been cut away, and he fought the effects of the morphine to remember what had happened to his leather jacket. A male PA had cleaned up and sutured a cut above his right temple where a large calliber bullet had grazed him. Blood tests had already confirmed that he had no alcohol or drugs of any kind in his system, so the police left after taking his statement about the car-jacking.

"You're a lucky man," said the physician's assistant, who had dark skin and spoke with an accent. "We get a bunch of traumas every week from people taking that exit by mistake." The PA glanced up at him. "Those buying crack don't usually get attacked, because the gangbangers want them as repeat customers."

"Well, there you go. I wasn't buying crack," Warren said defensively. He was infuriated at himself for not locking his car door.

"Some tourists don't make it," added the PA.

Tourist, thought Warren. *Dumbassed, lilly-white, goddamn tourist, playing detective on a crack corner.*

"Sorry about your clothes, but we had to check you out pretty good when you came in because of the blood. I can get some scrubs for you to wear if you don't have anyone to pick you up. We're not going to admit you."

"I don't have anyone," mumbled Warren. "As long as I still have my wallet, I'll just take a cab to the airport and fly back to L.A. There was nothing valuable in my suitcase in the trunk."

"Get your business done here?" The PA stepped back and admired his work.

"Oh, yeah," Warren said, chuckling. "It's as done as it's ever gonna get."

First class passengers were invited to board, and he approached the gate dressed in green scrubs and carrying only a newspaper.

The gate attendant looked him up and down. "Should I ask?" she asked goodnaturedly, wincing at the bandage on his head.

"You wouldn't believe it if I told you," he said holding out the boarding pass.

She reached for it, but he pulled it back.

And then he knew what he had to do. "I forgot something," he said, turning and walking toward the baggage claim and rental car counters.

Warren sat in the rented Taurus almost in the same spot in the parking lot across the street from the funeral home. He had been sitting there for only twenty minutes, but he knew he had to get inside somehow.

A few minutes past eleven, a white van pulled up and backed into the alcove. Russell got out and walked to the rear of the vehicle. A couple of minutes later, he got back inside the van and pulled out onto Rampart. The grey-haired man who had received the UPS shipment suddenly appeared in the open doorway and slammed it shut. Russell did a reckless U-turn and sped into the parking lot.

Warren's heart began to speed up and seemed to beat like a bass drum.

The van disappeared from his view then appeared again in what seemed to be a separate contract lot. Russell parked then jogged back to the funeral home. Warren assumed that he had just dropped off a body.

Lights continued to illuminate the foyer, but there was no sign of anyone being in that part of the building. Without having any plan at all, Warren got out of the car and locked it. He slowly walked toward Rampart Street but stopped just as a light went on upstairs. Since the drapes were sheer, it looked

like the same grey-haired man. "Okay," whispered Warren. "You must be the infamous Charles Delcambre."

He started to go back to the car, but a man with a biker cap and leather trousers came around the corner and walked inside the foyer.

Almost immediately, the upstairs light went out, and soon Delcambre and the leather man left together, walking around the corner into the French Quarter. They didn't make an effort to lock up.

Warren walked to the curb and looked carefully across the street. Taking several calming breaths, he crossed the street and quietly walked inside the foyer. He expected a bell or some other warning, but heard nothing. There was a cheap metal desk with a typewriter on it near a hallway that led to what he assumed were visitation rooms and the funeral director's office. There were six mismatched chairs in a reception area, and the rug underfoot was worn and musty. He heard country and western music coming from far in the back and followed the sound.

The first door led to an office with a big wooden desk and three fairly decent leather chairs in front of it. The second door was a small visitation room with a closed coffin in it. The light was off, but Warren could see two rows of folding chairs. There were three more doors ahead of him, but they were all closed. Then he saw another hallway at a right angle to his left. The hallway was dark, but he could see light coming from a partially open door on the right at the end of the hallway. Another closer door on the right was shut. Then he noticed a door on the left that apparently opened to the driveway.

He moved quietly and carefully toward the light and music. When he came even with the door, he tried to look in, but all he could see were shelves of boxes and white pails. He saw a label that read: "FULFILL - AUTOPSY COMPOUND." Another read: "4-SURE EMBALMING DISINFECTANT POWDER." He cringed and stepped back in the shadows. He listened and heard the sound of running water. He heard what sounded like Russell, singing along with the music. He was so grateful that there was no smell of embalming fluid, at least not yet.

The singing stopped, and there was the sound of footfalls coming toward the doorway. Warren backed further into the shadows and pressed himself against the wall. Russell walked out of the room wearing a large glossy blue apron and matching gloves. He strode down the hallway and opened the next closed door. A light came on.

Warren realized that he couldn't stay there, because Russell would certainly spot him on his way back. He considered confronting Russell in the hallway, but he wanted to corner him. He wanted to make sure his message was heard and understood. Then there was another part of him that didn't know why he was there. He remembered Aubry's question, "You gonna kill him?"

He rushed inside, hoping that there was a closet of some means of staying hidden. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a male body lying on a ceramic autopsy table against the opposite wall. Directly ahead at the far perpendicular wall, he saw what looked like a storage room with a horizontal pole holding clothes hangers. He slipped inside and partially closed the door. Instead of the dreaded odor of embalming fluid, he could smell a strong disinfectant agent.

Warren looked directly at the corpse. He was a big man, about 55 or 60. There was a bruise on the right hand, indicating where an I.V. had possibly been The chest was also bruised, as if someone had performed CPR on him. The body was wet, probably from Russell's washing and disinfecting it. Above the body was a platform with a large container of what he assumed was embalming fluid. A clear tube emanating from it was coiled around the handle and ready to connect to the body. Between the table and the wall was a specialized sink with a flushing handle and nozzles with hoses.

There were anatomy charts on the wall next to the tank, indicating various embalming sites. At the wall near Warren was a counter with cabinets above and a wash basin. There was also an eye wash station. Above the autopsy table there was a large exhaust fan, and on the wall there was a coat rack with protective clothing. Nearby hung what looked like a respirator with goggles hanging from it. Warren assumed that the actual embalming process had not started.

Suddenly Russell returned, carrying a small white pail. Warren almost fell backwards.

Russell reached inside the pail and smeared a wad of cream-like substance onto the man's face and neck, then down the arms and legs. He massaged the body thoroughly and appeared to want to ensure that the limbs were pliable. After having finished, Russell walked to the wash basin to wash the cream off the gloves. Only then was Warren finally able to clearly see Russell's face. It looked different--much different than before. His eyes were bloodshot. His expression was hard and cold. He showed little emotion, even as he sang with the music.

Russell reached for a box of cotton balls and a small tube of what looked like Crazy Glue and walked back to the corpse. He stuffed cotton inside the man's nose and underneath his eyelids. Using the glue, he sealed the eyelids. Then he stuffed a large quantity of cotton into the man's throat before he stuffed cotton inside the mouth, apparently to help form the mouth. With the glue, he sealed the mouth shut and formed the lips to the desired effect until the glue dried.

"Well, you surely do have a won-

derful smile, my hunky friend," said Russell to the corpse. He reached for the undefined genitals and fondled them. "Somebody's sho gonna miss that big dick."

Big dick? Warren looked at the dead man's crotch and saw only a lump of discolored skin. *What big dick?*

Russell moved to the corpse's head and pulled over a tray of instruments. He made a quick incision with a scalpel at the right side of the neck. With a length of thread, he appeared to be suturing a length of tubing to a blood vessel. Warren assumed it was the jugular vein. Blood began to ooze out and into the sink. He reached up and pulled down the tube attached to the embalming fluid and sutured it to what Warren assumed was the carotid artery. Russell then walked to the coat rack and began to put on his respirator. He flipped a switch on the wall, and the exhaust fan came on with a roar, drowning out the music. And just as Russell was about to release the toxic embalming fluid, Warren threw open the door.

Russell absently turned off the fan and slowly took off his respirator and goggles. He appeared to be scared to death.

"What the fuck . . ."

"Surprise." Warren's voice was low, menacing.

"Why? Were you . . ." He gestured toward the closet.

"Wanted to see how it was done."

The younger man squinted at Warren's face. "What the fuck happened to you?"

"I saw you buying crack, so I thought I'd do it too." Warren's voice deepened even more. "They took my car instead."

Russell inched for the door, but Warren moved to block his way.

"So now you shoot, me, right?"

"Why would I want to do that?" Still, his voice was low, flat, almost lifeless.

"I . . . I don't have the money, Warren." His voice cracked. "I'm fucked up, man. I'm doing the shit again."

"Were you on crack when we were together at the Hilton?"

"No, I was clean then."

"And yet you lied through your teeth. Can't blame the crack for that." Warren reached the doorway, blocking Russell's way. "Must be a character flaw."

Russell's expression changed, as if he had thought of a way out. "Why did you come, if you aren't going to hurt me?"

Warren crossed his arms and leaned against the door. "I was going to take you back and get you off the crack. I was going to be your knight in shining armor."

"Was?"

"I won't be doing that now."

"You know what it's like being hooked on crack?" Russell's expression changed again, as if he was about to try a different approach.

"Not hardly."

Russell took off the apron and gloves, allowing them to fall to the floor. "Do you think I was making all that up in the hotel?"

Warren felt himself weakening. "I don't know."

"Crack turns you into a monster, man. I get clean, the pressure cooker keeps going, I fall off the wagon. I get clean, and then it all turns to shit. If I got clean and knew you were there waiting for me, it would work." He began to cry. "I'm not a bad person, Warren. I have a good heart. I just need a fucking break." He was bawling. "I know you could make me change, and I would love you. Jesus, I would love you like no one has ever loved you. Oh, God, Warren! Please don't leave me like this!"

Russell ran to him and hugged him desperately, sobbing into his chest.

Warren was completely confused. The whole experience had become surreal. He had a crack head holding on to him for dear life, and there was a dead body with blood draining from his neck. *A man with a big . . . .*

Russell kissed him deeply and moaned. Warren couldn't resist him. All he could think of was what he'd experienced at the hotel and how magical it all had been. He returned Russell's kisses and felt Russell's hand struggle for his zipper.

"I want you, Baby. I want your cum in my mouth!"

And that is when Warren saw the hand vacuum pump at the side of the corpse he couldn't see from the closet. He saw more: an acrylic cylinder, a Polaroid camera with recently taken photographs drying atop the embalming fluid shelf. He saw flexible rings used by pumpers to keep the penis full of blood. All lying there in plain view. A light blue fabric lured his eyes downward, and he saw a heating pad connected to a wall plug.

Russell pulled back, exposing a tear-soaked face and trembling lips. "I LOVE . . . YOU!"

Pump, pump.

Big dick.

It was like everything slowed down, and everything got quiet.

Pump, pump. My heart pumping. Thick dead blood . . . pumping . . .

.

Russell's contorted face featured a small piece of what looked like loose skin at the corner of his mouth. And as it went out of focus, Warren realized that Russell's mouth was on his and that the young man's tongue was lodged inside his mouth, fluttering, as if reaching for Warren's uvula.

Then came the whiff of embalming fluid, and it was like being hit by lightening. The knot inside his stomach seemed to explode just as the horrible wave of nausea overpowered him, causing him to slide down the door and onto his butt. He looked up just as Russell was stumbling backwards, crashing against the opposite wall, grabbing his throat.

Warren looked into his eyes and saw the terror. His face was crimson and his mouth was overflowing with undigested chunks of meat from Warren's last meal. Russell was choking.

Warren jumped to his feet and tried to grab Russell around his waist, but Russell wouldn't be still. He flailed in panic and rammed the ceramic table with his abdomen, knocking the body onto the floor. When Warren finally got into position, Russell began to lose consciousness. Warren pulled against Russell's gut with a huge, two-handed fist, but nothing was dislodged. He pulled again and again as Russell's body became limp.

He wept as Russell fell to the floor on his back, and he fell on his knees beside him, frantically pushing the big man's body away. *"Don't die you motherfucker!"*

He jumped up and ran for the scalpel Russell had used for the neck incision. Finding it on the floor, he grabbed it, reached up to cut seven or so inches of embalming tubing out of the line, and rushed to Russell, who wasn't moving. Rolling up the heating pad, he placed it behind Russell's neck and extended his throat until he could see the Adam's apple.

He hesitated briefly as he realized that he'd never done an emergency tracheotomy, but he vividly remembered watching an EMT do one when the Heimlich maneuver wouldn't work on a 10-year-old girl.

Willing his hands to stop shaking, he felt Russell's Adam's apple, then felt for the cricoid cartilage just below it. Seeing that Russell's lips had turned blue, he coolly make a half-inch horizontal incision about 1/2 inch deep and spread the cut open with his finger. There was little blood, so he knew he had cut at the correct location. Pushing the tubing into Russell's trachea, he breathed twice into the tube in quick succession and saw Russell's chest rise..

"Breathe, you slick-assed cocksucker!" He felt Russell's carotid artery but couldn't detect a pulse.

He assumed a CPR position and gave the chest several compressions. He lost count and wondered if he was still capable of saving a life.

Again, he blew into the tube and watched the chest rise. Again he checked for a pulse.

Nothing.

"You fucking asshole! How am I gonna live with this? Huh? How!"

More compressions.

More breaths into the tube.

Then a fine mist of dark blood sprayed his face, followed by a whistle as air rushed into the tube. Russell had begun to breathe on his own. His eyes opened suddenly, and he again reached for his throat.

Warren pinned him to the floor with overpowering strength. "Listen to me!"

Russell fought him.

Warren barked, "Listen to me, your fucking punk!"

Russell stopped resisting.

"You have a trache in your throat. You were choking to death. Your heart stopped beating. You with me?"

Russell could only blink.

"Stay on the fucking floor while I call 9-1-1." He pulled back some of the pressure on Russell's shoulders. Satisfied that Russell would stay put, he reached for a phone on the counter and called for the paramedics.

"Delcambre Funeral Home on Rampart. Cardiac arrest," he lied. "This is Charles Delcambre. I've got to keep giving compressions." He hung up the phone and looked down at Russell. "You're gonna be fine--after about two weeks in the hospital on I.V. antibiotics. Had to use the same knife you used on your big-dicked friend. Man, you're one sick puppy in the head too. Necro-fucking-philia. Damn!"

Russell vigorously shook his head in denial, almost dislodging the tube.

"When the ambulance gets here, I'm going to leave. Okay? I saved your ass, but I'm not about to ask you to repay the favor. Just keep on selling your fries and keep smoking your crack. If the hepatitis doesn't get you, then you can bet your ass that the crack will. Go ahead and kill yourself. I don't really give a fuck."

Russell struggled to get into a sitting position and stared at Warren with a dumbfounded expression.

The wail of a siren reached his ears "Stay put," he ordered, as he walked into the dark hallway.

He waited outside by the curb until the ambulance pulled up. He spoke to the first EMT he saw: "In the embalming station inside to the left. Forty-year-old male choked on food. I tried a Heimlich but it didn't work. Did a trache but I had to use a dirty scalpel and a piece of embalming tubing. Got a heartbeat back with compressions. He's gonna be I.V. antibiotics for awhile."

The black paramedic seemed surprised and smiled. "Hey, Doug. Man's wearin' scrubs!" He grasped Warren's upheld hand. The other paramedic nodded, picking up the end of the gurney and carrying a couple of bags.

As they passed by Warren, he said, "Be right in. The smell got to me."

The man called Doug confirmed with a wave of his hand.

Warren quickly turned and rushed to his car.

He sat inside his car and watched as the funeral home owner and his buddy came around the corner and screamed in unison when they saw the ambulance. Shortly thereafter, the paramedics brought Russell out on the gurney with his head propped up. He was looking around frantically.

July 1, 2001

Warren was watching the rolling credits after a broadcast of HBO's se-

ries, "Six Feet Under." He was hooked on the show despite the fact that each scene in the embalming room reminded him of the last time he saw Russell.

Warren had kept in touch with Aubry while Russell was in the hospital in New Orleans. Aubry rushed to New Orleans and stayed with Russell as he recuperated from near fatal sepsis due to the tainted tracheotomy. After Russell was discharged, Aubry entered him into a drug treatment program in Baton Rouge. It seemed logical to Warren that the two had resumed their relationship, so he stopped calling.

Having made a video sex date with a young man in Chicago for 8:00 pm, he decided to log on to the site on his computer. He reached to turn on the switch when the phone rang. He allowed his answering machine pick up the call:

"Hi, this is Warren. Leave a message, and I'll get back to you."

Beep.

"Hey, Warren, this is Aubry in Baton Rouge. Damn, boy! You on the line the last three times, and now I get a fuckin' machine. I need to talk . . ."

Warren quickly picked up the receiver. "Hello, Aubry. Sorry. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine. Haven't heard from you, so I thought I would give you a call."

"I just assumed that you and Russell got back together, so I went on with my life. How is he?"

"He's okay, I guess. I haven't seen him in over a month."

Warren assumed the worst "How can you say he's okay then? No doubt he's back on crack."

"Not this time. He's really been workin' hard on cleanin' himself up now. I lived with the boy for many a year, and I thought I knew him. Hell, I gave up on him. But I swear he's changed. He got some damn good therapy here, and I don't even recognize him. He's really changed."

"Where is he then?"

"Probably walking out on your beach right about now and trying to muster the nerve to talk to you. I gave him your address."

"What?"

"I gave him some money to get started out there. Gave him one of my cars and he left over a month ago. He called me a couple of days ago and asked me to call you and give you a message."

"Aubry . . . I . . . That's fucking *stalking*, man. Okay, I just can't do this. He shouldn't have come. There's just too much water over the damn. Okay, so he was on crack, but the things he was doing were . . . "

Aubry interrupted. "Would you just stop having a hissy fit and listen to me? He asked me to tell you that he didn't do what you thought he did, that if you'd looked at the Polaroids, you'd seen Charles and not him. Does that make sense?"

Warren was stunned, confused. "Jesus."

"He ain't stalkin' you, Boy. He's just following his heart."

The statement left Warren with a loss for words.

"Are you still there?"

Warren cleared his throat and said, "Yeah, I'm still here."

"Anyway, thanks for saving my boy and giving him something to live for. Be easy on him, okay?"

Warren heard a click then a dial tone and absently placed the receiver down. He felt a sharp episode of deja vu and realized that the emotion he had felt upon first seeing Russell's photograph was making a reprise. Powerful emotions moved through him: rapture, sadness, mirth, fear. The sensation of flying, falling, sailing above the clouds. He looked out over the deck toward the Pacific. The sun was setting. He walked out on his deck and scanned the beach. A couple walked hand in hand. Farther away, a heavy-set woman walked with her dog. And then he saw a lone man sitting upon a rock a quarter mile away.

He recited to himself the reasons he would use to convince Russell to go back to Baton Rouge and start his life over there and not California. By the time he recognized Russell, all his reasons began to fragment like the memory of a complex dream.

"Sunset's almost over," said Warren, feeling his knees weaken as Russell turned and gazed into his eyes..

"Sunset's never over," said Russell. "If you had a plane fast enough, you could follow the sunset for hours and hours."

"Where are you staying?"

"A garage apartment down the road."

Warren was at once elated and terrified. "Russell . . . "

"I'm not staying." Russell jumped off the rock and buried his hands deeply into his pockets, as if he was chilled. "I just wanted to tell you how thankful I am . . . show you how I look sober."

Warren's eyes met and locked onto Russell's. In the rich half-light, Russell's eyes projected a soulfulness that acutely filled Warren with a profound warmth.

Warren nodded toward the complex and began slowly walking back.

"I got a job as a waiter. Some friend of Aubry's . . . " Russell started trembling. "I want to make it on my own."

"Russell . . ." Warren said softly, placing his arm around the younger man.

Russell began to sob.

Warren took him in his big arms.

Russell pulled back somewhat. "A year from today. Right here. If I can stay sober for a year, I'll be sitting on that rock at sunset, July first, two thousand two. If you still want me then, then . . ."

Warren held him at both shoulders. "Listen to me, Russell . . . listen. If I didn't think you could do it, I wouldn't

have risked my life to come for you in New Orleans. Stay here, and let's hope for the best."

Russell appeared dumbfounded.

"We'll take one day at a time. You can't get the hepatitis treatment you need living by yourself. There're new treatments now."

Russell shook his head. "I have to prove myself, Warren, I need to . . ."

"For the next year, we'll be together almost all the time. I'll take you to the best doctors. I'll get you into the right support groups. If you go out only once to find crack, I'll know."

Russell vigorously shook his head. "I have to do the penitence."

"Aw bullshit," Warren said, bumping Russell with his hip. He started walking toward the complex again.

"I have to do it the hard way," Russell insisted, somewhat less emphatically.

"Come on," Warren said, grabbing Russell's hand and pulling him along.

Russell just stood there looking confused.

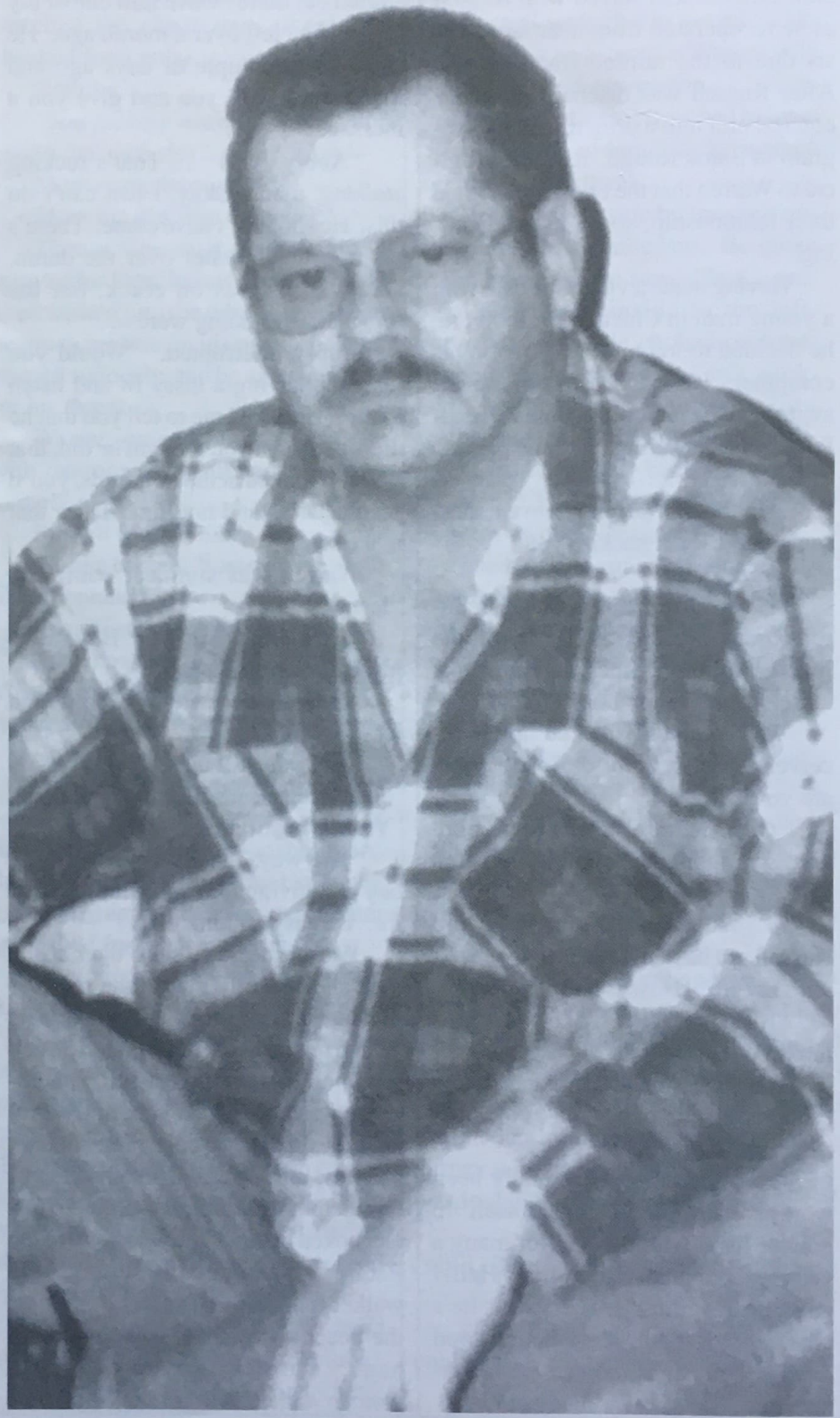
Warren looked back and stopped walking. With a big grin on his face, he nodded toward the complex and watched as Russell finally walked to join him.

They walked arm-in-arm and reached the steps to Warren's unit just as the sun disappeared over the horizon.

END

P.H. Colley is 61 and lives in the Mojave Desert with Bruce, 80, and canine daughters, Zelda, Eva, and Sarah. He was the editor of Swan, Chiron Rising, Cronus and , CR Classics Magazines, and is the current editor of CR Magazine.

roger



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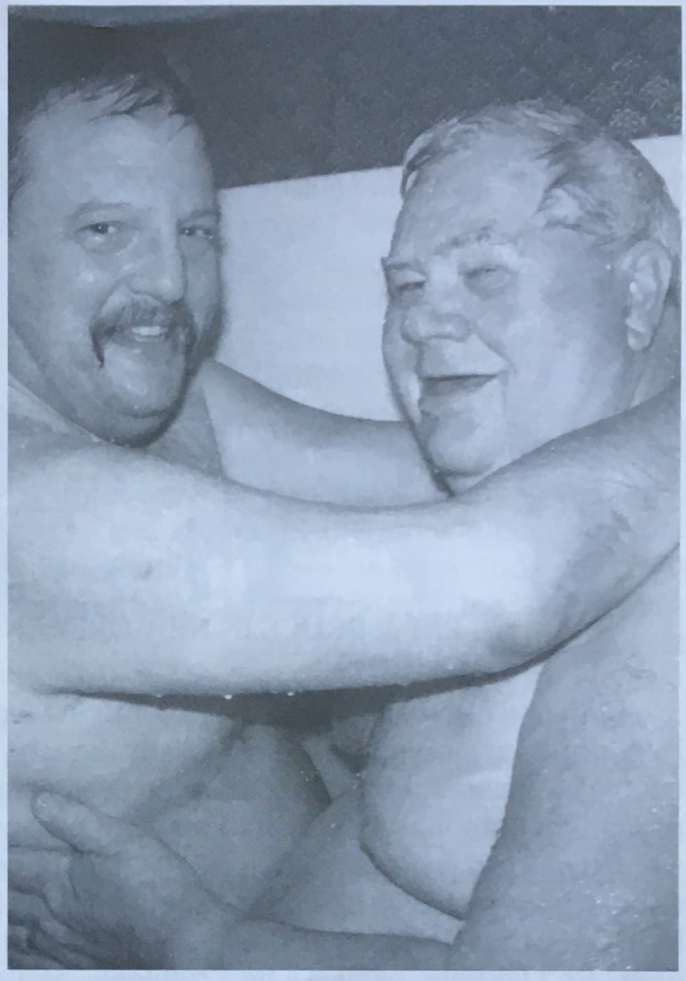


limey

=key lime pie

CAPTAIN CURT'S SMILE

p.h. colley

PAT & BRUCE IN NEW ORLEANS

Everyone else uses polls, so I've done my own the past couple of years. A whole bunch of men told me that they didn't want to wait two years for a gathering, that we should alternate between coasts and do two a year. So I figured: okay, it'll be rough, but I'll have two a year, east coast and west coast. Confident that I could handle the planning and was on the verge of learning how to do this profitably, I signed the contracts and set up two conventions for this year.

We peaked with Orlando '97, but it's been downhill from there. Orlando '99 drew only 1,000--500 less than expected and budgeted for--and New Orleans could only muster just over 800. Figuring New Orleans was a fluke and had too much going against it (too hot, no adequate pool), we figured that at least 1,000 would show up for Miami Beach and that at least 500 would show up for Las Vegas. But it didn't work out that way. Miami Beach., our finest gathering ever, attracted only 790 after all the counting was over--210 under target or a shortfall of some very big bucks.

Convention hotels can be ruthless, and suing a hotel in Florida is a waste of money. You have zero recourse if they decide to fuck you. Radisson Twin Towers fired all the people we successfully dealt with in previous gatherings and reinterpreted the contract. They overbilled me to the tune of $40,000, and when I complained, they quickly slapped me with a $150,553 lawsuit, insisting that I had also cancelled the 2000 contract I had signed in 1995 in a "sweetheart" multi-year deal. Sheraton in New Orleans managed to dig up another $22,000 in billings after I mistakenly thought I had paid off the bill in 2000. Eden Roc, by unexpectedly raising their food and beverage prices through the roof, could have charged me a lot more than they did. Why they didn't is mostly a mystery. I say mostly because I had a secret weapon--the Blond Bulldog--who is a certified meeting planner and who put the fear of God into the hotel.

As I write this, the Las Vegas Gathering is only two weeks away, and we just passed the 300 delegate mark. Our main guy there--the one who negotiated the contract and evolved into a trusted friend--was fired, along with 12 other key managers. I went nuts and demanded that my original contact be allowed to run our convention as a paid consultant. They balked at first, pointing out that terminated employees could not come back on hotel property until after 60 days, but I made a veiled threat that they couldn't ignore. Presto! Terminated employee is now client. Since that day, the hotel has terminated even more employees, and the morale is on a par with your average funeral. I should be worried, but I've reconciled with the writing on the wall: the hotel gatherings are not only risky as hell but now passé as well. So much for surveys.

Over the past couple of years, we've lost about 25% of our subscribers. Our price in-

crease to compensate for soaring postage and printing costs didn't help, but one of the main reasons is that we're not getting the message to enough new blood. Lots of new subscribers meet new people and rejoice in the change in their lives. But when they find a new circle of friends or enter into a relationship, we invariably lose a subscriber to consolidation, which is understandable. The more effective we are in getting people together, the more we have to rely on new blood. That's just the way it has always worked.

But there is something else that has begun to eat away at our business, just as it has with lots of other periodicals. Why buy a magazine to get connected when you can get connected over the internet? Get yourself a cheap video camera, and you can have all the video sex you want. Pay for a password, and you can surf any number of adult sites and pig out. Who needs a magazine to get your views read by thousands of men? Anyone can post a message on any number of e-mail lists, chat rooms and news groups, and the ability to write isn't required. Civility and responsibility aren't required either.

Then there's the money angle. Friends consistently tell me that most folks think Bruce and I have a lot of money. That perception, mind blowing to two old farts living in a double-wide mobile home in the middle of nowhere, actually works against us. Who gives a damn if two rich guys get screwed by hotels and are routinely sitting ducks for vicious rumors and harassment? Just as people keep sending checks made out to Chiron Rising, guys will continue to think we are secretly rich and turn a deaf ear to our struggle to reach our potential. Even if I published my tax returns for the past two years, few would bother reading it, and the anonymous warning letters to hotels would still go out each year, not to mention a bunch of letters from readers admonishing me for publishing something "negative" and "whining all the time."

The previous S corporation's bankruptcy threw me for a loop. Our stockholders lost investments of $500 to $2,500 (most are slowly being paid back with credits for merchandise, even though I am not required by law to do so), but I lost almost $75,000, most of it borrowed. I now owe $120,000 in unsecured business loans, and bankruptcy is <u>not</u> an option, even if we get hit with a substantial attrition penalty by Alexis Park (probable).

I am not a shrewd businessman, and I don't think fast on my feet. So many of my attempts at making money have bombed. On the other hand, not all have blown up in my face either. Since paying back my initial loan from 1986, I have never borrowed money from Bruce, nor have I ever used our house to obtain loans. All the equity is intact.

So now I regroup and dig myself out of the hole. I have found a printer in Denver who will do the issue for half what I was paying before. Even with freight thrown in, I will save $20,000 a year in overhead. I will do Gatherings at Sea, which do not require my sticking my head inside a lion's mouth. The profit is negligible, but our family can still have a place to get together. Unless congress declares war on the porn business, I will go back to the cutthroat business of videos. Of course, a feature story in the New York Times or USA Today or L.A. Times (or even the San Bernardino Sun for that matter) would work wonders for CR, but stories about living headless chickens or who's fucking whom in Hollywood get all the press.

Publication of the magazine will remain the paramount endeavor. Not everyone has access to the internet, and quite a few older men choose not to get on-line. The lifeline must stay intact for as long as I can click keys on a keyboard. The rewards are joyous and sometimes so intense that it is unbearable. In Miami Beach, Tomcat announced a photo shoot on the dance floor and invited all the couples who met through CR. I expected 10-20, tops. But you can see in the photo in this issue how many came forward. There were even more who didn't want their photos in the magazine.

Bruce and I bawled our eyes out, because we pretty much take this to heart It's probably a good thing we didn't get rich, because then it might be all

about the money. I mean, we're not saints. I didn't plan not to make money off this gig. I truly thought I would make enough money to afford living in a real house in Palm Springs, like practically everyone else we know.

We were made aware of some couples on the cruise who had met through CR, but I didn't dwell on it. We desperately needed some R & R, and I wanted to talk a lot to my buddy Pat O'Connor, who has a way of helping me screw my head on right. I wanted to walk out on our balcony during the full moon and just get mesmerized by the sea spray.

It was over too soon. As our bus pulled up to the curb at MIA, a bunch of the guys got off at American Airlines. I lazily gazed down at our guys claiming their baggage from the undercarriage. And then I saw the smile on CR model CAPTAIN CURT's face. In all that chaos, he was smiling at his new partner he met through CR. It was an ethereal, deeply loving smile. His face glowed with absolute happiness, and I thought to myself: how could anyone not fall in love with a man who could smile like that. And then I moved on to Paul, and it was like watching the sun rise over the Atlantic.

I am awed both by the happiness our organization brings and by the cold, stark grief I hear about once a week when someone finds our on-line beacon and calls me for support. Men lose their partners and reach out for help. Lonely men wonder aloud if suicide is the only way out of their misery. One man called and asked me if I thought a man with a colostomy could find someone to love him. There is so much meaning to my life--so much I can do if I just stick with it.

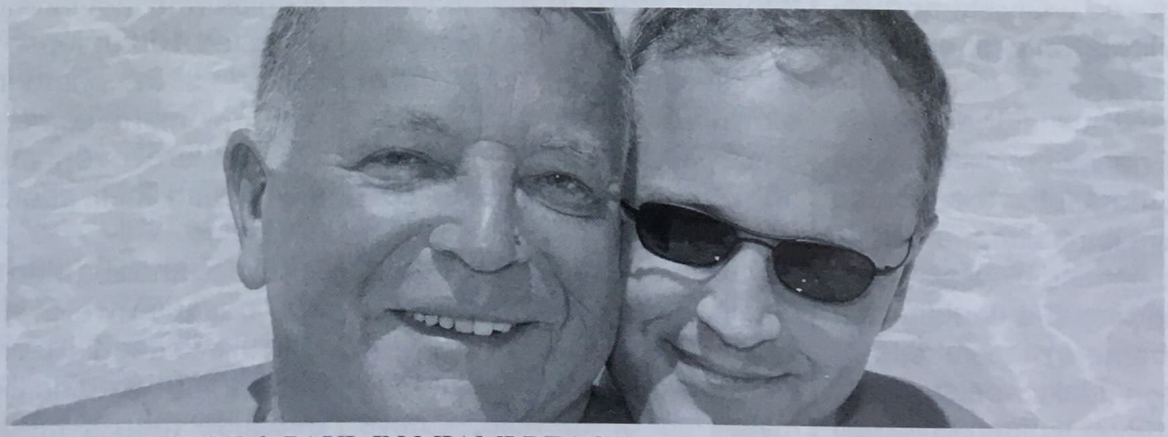
Stress has left me obese, hypertensive, and diabetic. I also have clinical depression, fibromylitis (severe) and Barrett's esophagus. I take care of Bruce, who is 80, partially blind, and not at all sure-footed. I help him dress and help him into bed at night. I adore him and wish I could stop his deterioration.

I sometimes feel sorry for myself, but it quickly fades whenever I get a call from a guy who has just lost his partner and the partner's family has kicked him out of his own house. My 50-year-old electrical handyman, who makes me salivate, finally opened up and told me he has maintained his dignity and balance during his ongoing financial nightmare with the IRS and some shoddy realtors. He proudly tells me that none of his six kids ever took drugs. Our cleaning lady has to clean houses to take care of the three kids still living with her. She can't even afford to file for a divorce. None of her kids take drugs either, and she stopped going to her church when a deacon told her at our gate that she would go to hell cleaning the house of two homosexuals.

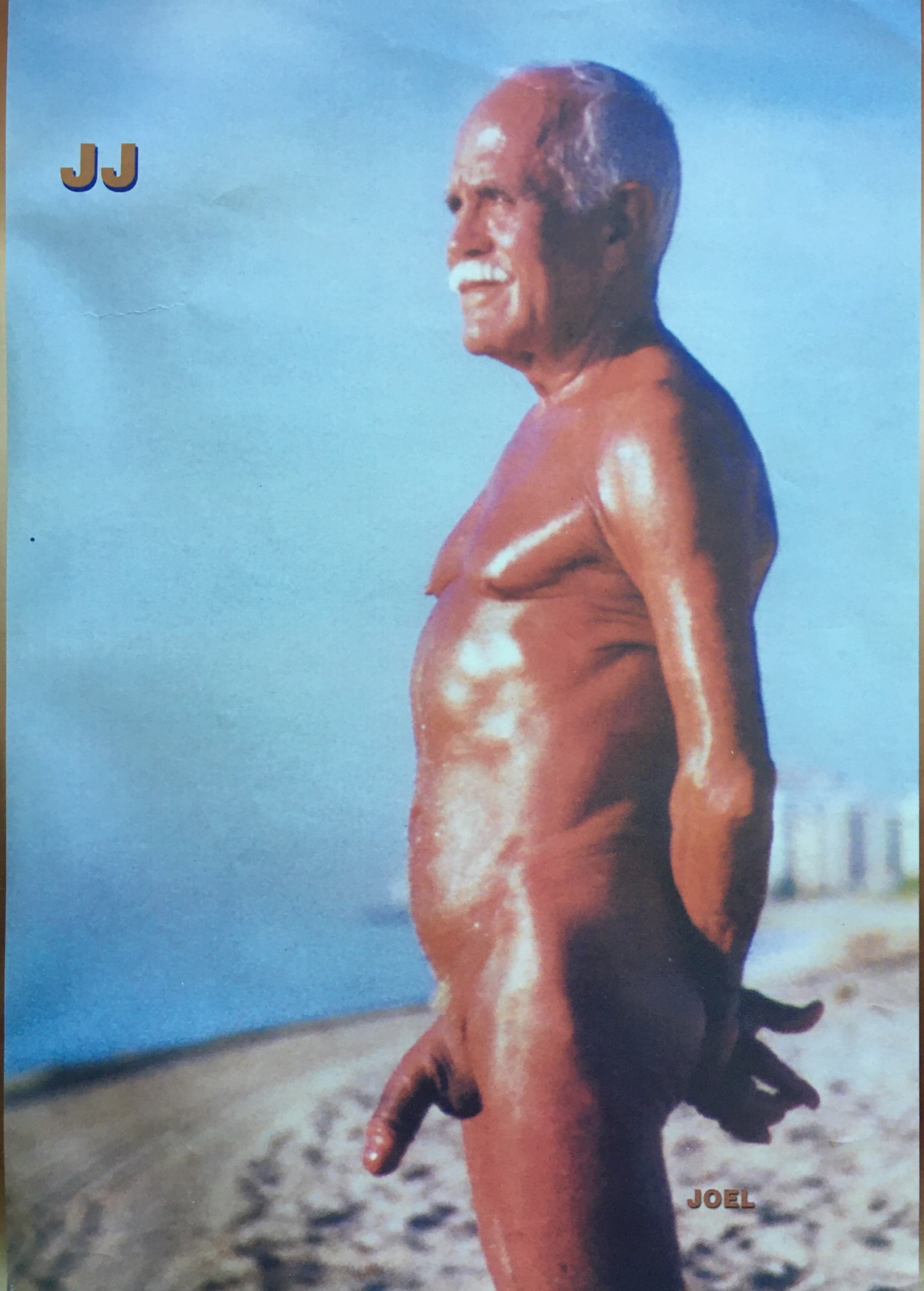
I pulled the Heir ad when it became painfully obvious that I was hoping for something akin to winning the lottery. This is my boat, and I will row it to wherever it is destined to go. I will pause occasionally to rest, but I will not jump overboard.

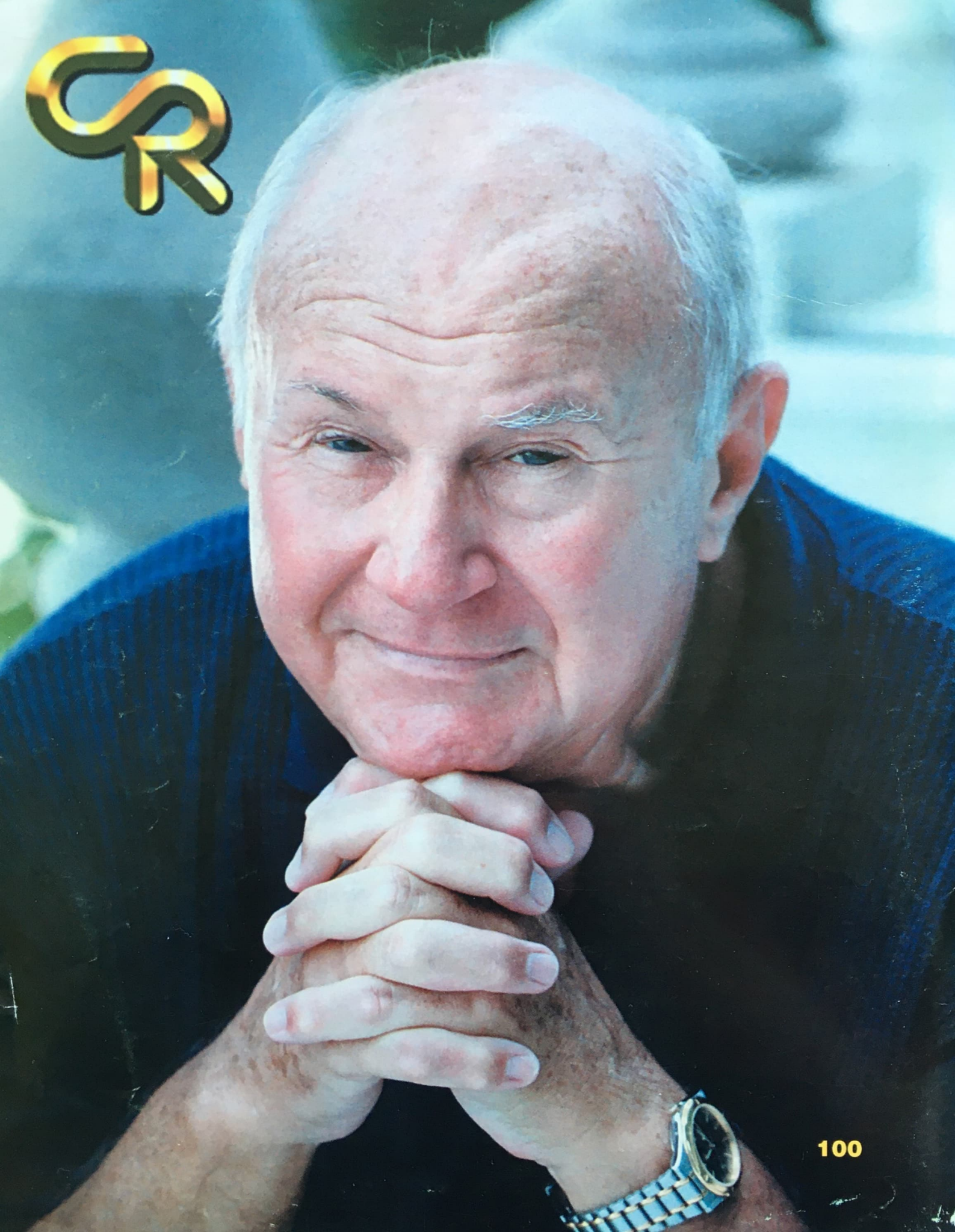
And when it seems like I can't row anymore, I will think of Curt's smile and dig down for more strength.

With love and respect,
Pat & Bruce



CAPTAIN CURT & PAUL IN MIAMI BEACH


JJ
JOEL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